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INCORPORATION OF THE S.F.G.

THE Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel—who are, and have been from the commencement of the magazine in the year 1790, the publishers of *Periodical Accounts* relating to Moravian Missions—founded 1741, was incorporated September 17th, 1921, as the “Trust Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel.” (Registered office, Moravian Church House, 32, Fetter Lane, London.) The Members of the Board of Management of the Incorporated Society for the period until next Provincial Synod are : H. R. Mumford, *Chairman*; J. N. Libbey, *Secretary*; H. J. Wilson, *Treasurer*; C. J. Klesel, *Secretary of General Committee*. By agreement between the General Mission Board and the British Provincial Mission Board, dated October 6th, 1921, the Trust Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel (Incorporated) is appointed Trustee and General Representative of Moravian Foreign Missions in all matters of money and property in the United Kingdom, and the Treasurer of the Society is

appointed the Treasurer of Moravian Missions (in place of the Treasurer of the Provincial Board as hitherto).

The Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel, whose Incorporation is notified above, has a history which goes back to the beginnings of Moravian work in England. This Society is older than any Moravian *Congregation* in England, though at the time of its founding there were "*Religious Societies*" in London, Bedford and elsewhere, some of whose members were in fellowship with the Moravian Church. The S.F.G. was founded at a Lovefeast in Fetter Lane on April 27th, 1741.

This was the year of the second great formative experience of the Renewed Brethren's Church. The spiritual Unity of the Church had been realised at Berthelsdorf, August 13th, 1727. The spiritual Control of the Church was realised at the London Conference of September 16th, 1741. In the human organisation of the Church individual authority was everywhere replaced by representative boards, or "Conferences"; and the duty of service for Christ's Kingdom at home and abroad was laid upon every part of the Church.

The Missions to the Heathen had (in 1741) already begun at several points, but the Home Congregations were not yet organised collectively for the support of the Foreign Work. Herrnhut had taken the initiative as a Congregation. In Holland an Auxiliary Society had been founded at Amsterdam in 1738, which is represented to-day by the Zeist Mission Society. In 1745 The Society for Propagating the Gospel among the heathen was founded at Bethlehem, U.S.A., and between these two dates falls the beginning of the English Auxiliary Society, the S.F.G.

The founding of the Society is described in a letter dated May 11th, 1741, written by A. G. Spangenberg, who was appointed "Assessor" on behalf of the Moravian Church at the meetings of the Society. The words in the title indicating the aim of the Society are taken from Philippians ii. 22. The objects of the Society are set out in the original rules as follows:—

"The design of the Society is to further the Gospel or glad tidings of Salvation by aiding and assisting Labourers and their Assistants going to different parts for the Lord's sake, as far as it shall be able, as well during the time they may stay here, as in their passage to the places they are designed for; and also wherever such are as stand in need of their assistance."

As Scripture precept for its work the Society took the words of 3 John, 5-8: "Beloved, thou doest a faithful work in whatsoever thou doest toward them that are brethren and strangers withal; who bare witness to thy love before the Church: whom thou wilt do well to set forward on their journey worthily of God: because that for the sake of the Name they went forth,

taking nothing of the Gentiles. We therefore ought to welcome such, that we may be fellow-workers with the truth." (R.V.)

The old Seal of the Society depicts Abraham receiving the Angels (Genesis xviii. 3-5), with the reference, Hebrew xiii. 2: "Forget not to shew love unto strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." (R.V.)

For six years from its founding the Society did much useful work. Then came a time when, by reason of its poverty and debts, it could do little.

The Society was revived at the Provincial Conference of 1757. The Minutes of special committees at that Conference note that the Society's "objects are properly such concerns in the British Dominions which do not belong to any Congregation in particular." For instance:—

1. Providing for the Labourers in the North of Ireland.
2. Journeys of the Labourers to and from the Disciple House. (Zinzendorf's headquarters.)
3. Portages and Publications.
4. Voyages of Messengers (*i.e.*, Missionaries) to the American Colonies.
5. Maintenance of Labourers in the Colonies among the heathen not otherwise provided for.

After Zinzendorf's death in 1760, the financial arrangements for both Home and Foreign Work were largely revised; and when the S.F.G. had been again renewed, February 18th, 1765, the question of obtaining a Charter for the Society was discussed, though the proposal was not carried out. At a meeting on September 3rd, 1768, Amended Rules for the Society were adopted, with the words "among the heathen" added to its name. Articles 5 and 6 as amended read:—

Art. 5.—"Although our chief aim is to further the Gospel and assist the Missionaries in the British Dominions, in America, and other parts of the World, yet we are also desirous to give all possible aid to the Brethren's Mission among the heathen in other Countries."

Art 6.—"And whereas the *Unitas Fratrum* for many years successively hath appointed Deputies, and committed unto them the care of the heathen Missions, and the Management of the Contributions, which, for the unavoidable expenses attending this work of God, are given freely, from time to time, by the Brethren's Congregations and by others: we will therefore act in connexion and fellowship with their Deputies; on which account our Secretary, and other Brethren of the Committee, are to cultivate a constant correspondence with them, that we may be informed of the occasions requiring our assistance, and be ready to assist."

From this time on the Society undertook particularly the support of the Mission to Labrador, with occasional grants

from its General Funds for Provincial and other objects.

In 1769 a "Ship Committee" was formed to provide a ship and trading facilities for the Labrador Mission. This Committee continued till 1797, after which date the shipping and trade were carried on by the Society as such.

In 1875 the Constitution of the Society was altered, bringing it into relations with the British Provincial Mission Board formed at that date as well as with the General Mission Board; relations which have remained substantially the same until the present day.

Since 1900 the need for some form of legal Corporation in England for Missions, and the subsidiary business, had become more and more apparent; and definite recommendations made by the Provincial Synod of 1919 were sustained by the General Directory Conference at Zeist in the same year.

The Incorporation has been carried out on the basis of the Synodal Resolutions, but to meet the requirements of the Board of Trade the word "Trust" is prefixed to the name of the Society as Incorporated, and all transactions of a *Commercial* nature will have to be carried on in the name of the Agency as a separate concern.

The Society will be the Financial Representative of the Moravian Foreign Missions in England for all Funds, Legacies, Subscriptions, etc., and will act under the instructions of, and on behalf of, the British Provincial Mission Board.

In the Moravian Church the Foreign Missions have never been left to the separate action of a Missionary Society within the Church, but have always been a matter for the Church as a Church, in which every Congregation and every member has a part. (See Church Book, paragraph 117.)

This position is not in any way contravened by the work of the S.F.G. The Society's work has always been purely auxiliary to the Work of the Church, and as Incorporated it may be expected to render services to our Missions still more valuable than those of the past.

The first Statutory General Meeting of the Incorporated Society was held at Fetter Lane, on Tuesday, November 15th.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

N August 27th last a terrible fire occurred at Nain, our chief station in Labrador, by which the whole of the Mission premises were totally destroyed. News of this sad disaster reached us on Saturday, September 3rd, by telegraph from Makkovik. The sender of the message

was the Br. W. W. Perrett, Superintendent of the Labrador Mission. The wireless apparatus was used to transmit the message from Makkovik Island to Fogo, in Newfoundland, whence it was forwarded by ordinary telegraphy to England. The telegram read thus: "Regret notify Nain Mission premises destroyed fire twenty-seventh. Cause fire unknown. House, church, school, stores, whole contents, gone, including homeward cargo. No lives lost. Am sending immediate help from stations. Harmony north Nain. Eskimo village unharmed."

The following further information regarding this terrible occurrence reached us later direct from the station itself. Writing on September 5th and 8th, from the store servant's house, where he had found a temporary lodging, Br. J. S. Townley says: "At 4 a.m. on August 27th the *Harmony* weighed anchor and left us for Okak, and all was well. But by midday it was otherwise. Just before 12 o'clock the cry of 'fire in the store' was raised, and by 3.30 p.m. the store, mission-house, buildings at the back, wood-house, church, and school-house were totally destroyed with all they contained. We fought the fire to save the mission-house, and did well until the wind veered, carrying embers, etc., on to the shingle (wooden) roof. If the wind had not changed for another half-hour or so, we believe we could have saved everything except the store. That was doomed from the beginning. The loss is enormous, both for the Mission and for us on the spot. We have only a little bedding and a very few kitchen utensils saved. Furniture, clothes, food-stuffs, supplies for the coming winter, etc., have all been burned. We have all suffered very heavy losses. We have neither food, clothing, nor dwelling-house for the coming winter. [This was written on September 5th. On the 8th the writer was able to state that Superintendent Perrett had arrived the day before from the South, bringing with him some flour and a few other things to keep the people at Nain alive until further supplies could arrive from Newfoundland.—Ed.]

"To us the cause of the fire is unknown. The Brethren Gaunt and Grubb, storekeepers, say they had only come out of the store five minutes before the alarm was raised. When an entrance was made by the rear door dense volumes of thick, black smoke came out, and through this no one could pass with safety to himself. Efforts were made to locate and get to the fire; but all in vain. Everything was destroyed. The sight of all the ruined buildings is heart-rending, and this is the 150th anniversary of the station!

"In the mission-house and church practically all the records are lost—also Eskimo Scriptures and other literature.

The fire has done its fell work only too well. We were only a few to fight the flames, as all the Eskimoes had left the station for their fishing-places. The few that were here helped us, but all our labour was in vain. We could only apply water by the bucket on six buildings that were all alight at the same time!

"We are making the best of our circumstances until we can hear something from somewhere and somebody in authority. All the village is intact, so someone will be expected to remain on the spot for the church services, but there is no dwelling-house available. For a store-keeper quarters may be found in this house. For church services somebody's house can be utilised. The church bell was melted. We regret the fearful losses, but are thankful that no lives were lost."

We would commend the following Appeal to the prayerful and benevolent consideration of all our readers:—

URGENT!

AN APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP.

Full accounts of the disastrous fire at Nain, Labrador, are now to hand. They make a tragic story.

These are the facts.

This year was the 150th Anniversary of the founding of Nain. Now the large new church, erected twelve years ago, the missionaries' and store-brethren's house, the school, and all outbuildings, with all the contents, are entirely destroyed.

The trade stores, with all the stock in hand, the new stock landed a few hours previously from the *Harmony*, and the home-bound cargo, together worth fully £15,000, have also been entirely gutted. There was no salvage.

There was no insurance. Insurance is impossible in Labrador. In three and a half hours a prosperous station was wiped out.

What This Means.

1. A village of 250 Eskimoes was left without essential food and household requisites for the winter.

2. A village of 250 Eskimoes is left without church or school.

3. The whole mission and trade staff on the station—two married couples and one brother—are homeless. They are billeted in Eskimo houses. Further, they have lost all their possessions.

The whole staff worked heroically and unselfishly to save the Mission property; *they lost all their own.*

That is an obligation to our brethren and sisters we must honour as soon as possible. At the best, they have to face a

comfortless winter. They need our prayers, and they need our material support.

Why We Need Your Help.

Last year, 1920, was a phenomenally bad year for the Labrador trade, out of which the Mission is supported. We had to use all our reserves to meet the losses.

In 1921 the prospects were good. But the most valuable raw produce, bought by the Mission, happened to be at Nain.

We have no money to meet the Nain situation, unless you help, and help quickly.

On behalf of the British Mission Board.

C. J. KLESEL, *Mission Secretary.*

H. J. WILSON, *Business Manager.*

On Monday, November 21st, we received the news of the safe arrival of the *Harmony* at St. John's, Newfoundland, at the close of the season's work on the Coast. All being well, the vessel ought to be home in time for Christmas.

SURINAM.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1920.

IT is nothing less than tragic that the Surinam missionary of to-day, when, in view of the many possibilities of the work, he would like to press forward with all his might, is met everywhere by a barrier which categorically asserts: "It cannot be done; there is no money to spare." This has a depressing influence on his willingness to work; it haunts him like a bad dream; it is the cross that crushes his shoulders, and is so hard to bear because he can only with difficulty be persuaded that it is really the Cross of his Lord, the King of His own Kingdom, who will not rest until all His enemies bow before His footstool.

Br. J. Hettasch's Visit.

The official visit, too, paid us by Br. J. Hettasch, of the Mission Board, which brought about that verbal touch with headquarters which had become so desirable, could do none other than, in the first place, establish this state of affairs in all its unpleasant, nay, cruel, reality; as if it said

to us: "We cannot make any definite plans for the future; we shall have to see from year to year what means are at our disposal, and hold ourselves strictly to that." The parole: "Only what is absolutely necessary," must be the leading-string by which we are to run.

However, all these bitter truths up against which we found ourselves in the course of our negotiations, had also another and a positive side to them. Necessity calls for concentration of work. So long as one has all things and to spare one finds it difficult to lop off the one or the other branch which, properly speaking, is not fruitful—on the contrary, one allows it to continue from one year to another. The true master-hand is the one that can set bounds, or limits. That is especially the case in regard to our Bushland Mission. Would it not be possible to carry it on more rationally at its chief stations, *i.e.*, on the Upper Surinam and Saramacca Rivers, by abandoning posts that are not so important, by a more careful sifting of the native agents whom we employ, and by setting up a higher standard with regard to their preliminary as well as their further training, whilst at the same time paying them more adequately for work that makes such great demands on their health? Might one not, if this were done, humanly speaking, hope for better results outwardly and inwardly?

The Schools and Finance.

The branch of our work which of late years has affected the balance, financially, between assets and liabilities most unfavourably has been our Schools. This item of deficiency in our accounts, which was continually growing larger and larger, need not in future be reckoned of any account, as soon as the complete equalisation between Government and private, or Christian, schools, which has been decided on in principle, has become a reality. True, with regard to this very matter we shall have to face a final great trial of strength which, in the long run, might turn the gift into a doubtful present, and that is, even though it might only last for a short time, the interim period between equalisation of the teachers of both groups of schools in the matter of their salaries and complete equalisation. The first-named arrangement makes it obligatory for us to pay over to the teachers the whole of the subsidy which we receive from the Government on their account; whereas hitherto that was not the case, but we were allowed to keep back as we thought best a certain proportion of it for the costs of administration and maintenance and for structural alterations. Where should we get the necessary money from for these objects in the interim period? True, we have secured ourselves against an emergency of this kind by inducing our teachers to forego

a certain percentage of their new salaries. But how long will this arrangement last?

Sources of Income.

Finally, we have of course also asked ourselves whether there is any prospect of increasing our regular income at any point. The only item that could come in question in this connection is the subsidy which the Colonial (Dutch) Government pays us as a Church. Although among all the existing Churches in the land we can show the largest number of members, we are nevertheless not treated handsomely, as is now also admitted in public and unanimously by our representatives in the local parliament. Our mistake has been that we have been too modest in our demands. Although the subsidy in question has of late years been raised again and again, until at last it has reached the figure of 21,000 gulden (roughly, £1,750), nevertheless, in our case it works out at less than one gulden (say, 1s. 8d.) per head per annum of the membership, whereas not only the other Protestant Churches, but also the Roman Catholics, and especially the Jews, receive from 2 to 6 times as much. We have, therefore, petitioned the Government to allow the ministers of the 21 largest congregations which we have in the so-called Old Mission—the New Mission does not participate in the subsidy—to rank as Government officials, *i.e.*, that the Government should contribute a fixed sum of money annually towards the salary and the pension of each one of these, and that furthermore they, together with their families, might have their travelling expenses paid to Europe when they go home on furlough—the state of their health making this desirable—and also the costs of the return journey. In the case of the Superintendent a larger sum will be asked for. And if our requests are not granted exactly in the form mentioned above, we may nevertheless hope for certain that further and wider concessions will be granted us in this direction, not only by the local Colonial authorities, but also by those at home in Holland.

The Staff.

To the lack of money must also be added the *shortness* of men. This defect, however, is not of a permanent nature, since the Mission Board have been able to render assistance in this respect. True, the fact that the new arrivals could not at once take up their work in its full extent—on account of their ignorance of the Dutch language, and for other reasons—made it necessary for us, in spite of their arrival, to effect various retrenchments and concentrations which were at times most unpleasant and unwelcome. For example, for two or three months, we were obliged to have recourse to a

measure that gave rise to a good deal of dissatisfaction, viz., we had to conduct the Sunday morning services of the three town congregations in turn in one of them.

Again, as in the previous year, the Lord has called home from among our circle two members, viz., Mr. H. Nagel, in whom our Mission Business has lost a particularly zealous and devoted fellow-worker, and Br. Th. Wenzel, who came out to Surinam 20 years ago as the first missionary to the British-Indian immigrants, and who since then has laboured in this particular sphere of work with great faithfulness and devotion. Death in both cases was of a particularly distressing nature, since they were both men in the prime of life, whose loss, humanly speaking, was irreparable both in home and office, and they were carried off by a malignant disease unexpectedly and quickly. Truly, more than ever the question comes to us, in view of the young children they have left behind, what is to become of the poor fatherless children in these sad times; what, too, of the little company of Christians who are still so weak in the faith as is the Church of the British-Indians in Paramaribo, who in every respect were dependent upon their spiritual father and had been trained by him with infinite care and much anxious thought? How long will it last before they can once more have a missionary of their own? It is a case of believing without seeing; of learning the art of believing which consists in clinging to the Unseen all the more closely because of the darkness that surrounds us, as if we could actually see Him!

To be or not to be.

The majority of the Surinam Negro and Creole population are "arnitri," or Moravians, out and out, as a result of more than 150 years of work done amongst them by the Moravian Church, and especially of its self-denying labour of love on behalf of the slaves, who were neglected by everyone else. The Reformed Church was there for the Dutch settlers; and the Lutheran Church owes its existence to German colonists, for which reason its Church language, so to speak, was originally German. Later on, the force of circumstances and the impulse of self-preservation made it appear desirable for both these Protestant Churches to throw open their doors also to the natives of Surinam, and many who considered their skin to be too clear or themselves to be either too "superior" or too well educated for the "Negro" Church threw in their lot with them. But there can be here no thought of competition in the true sense of the word, or of opposition. All who were of a religious turn of mind—and the Surinam negro is almost by nature of that description—remained Moravians deep down in their hearts in their religious thinking and in their desires, in spite of different ways of preaching the Gospel; and the

hymns in our Negro-English hymn-book have still to do service in domestic circles when our people want to satisfy their desire for song.

On the other hand, as was stated in last year's Report, the relations between ourselves and the leading authorities and personalities of the two large Protestant Churches have become more and more cordial. The idea of union is steadily gaining ground, as expressed 30 years ago; though in somewhat attenuated form, in the unity that was established with a view to combined effort on behalf of the Protestant lepers of the Colony; and it is becoming the custom to leave aside the things that separate and to emphasise those things that unite us. The idea of an United Protestant Colonial Church has also been mooted amongst us. Whether it is practicable, and, if so, in what way, is certainly quite another matter which need not be discussed here and now. Whether, for instance, a Protestant Colonial Church of this description would be a safe bulwark in the fight against Rome, would be, to say the least, rather doubtful. Then, too, it might come to pass that, as a result of a step of this kind, meaning, as it would do, the giving up of various Moravian customs, many of our members—and possibly the most faithful ones—who value these customs would be driven straight into the arms of Rome.

And the Roman Catholic Church is active, and is working systematically, under the leadership of its bishop, who has during the past year also been in Europe, for the purpose of procuring pecuniary assistance towards paying off old debts and carrying on fresh and more active propaganda. Not only are their priests untiring in their efforts to look up their own adherents, and to ferret out and entice away other people's sheep who by some fault of theirs have lost touch with their own fold, but in two spheres, which would appear to be of a more neutral character, it is seeking to win over the masses to itself, viz., in the case of the sick and of the young people. The needs of the first-named of these two spheres of labour are being met by their fine new and practical hospital, in which the nuns of the Church, who were at one time expelled from the Government hospital, lovingly and with the utmost care tend the patients belonging to all denominations. And without doubt this institution has a great attraction for our people, who have always been a bit afraid of the Government hospital. The indirect propaganda which in this way emanates from the institution in question must verily not be underrated.

Great attention is also shown by the Roman Catholic Church to the young people of the Colony, both those who are of school age and also those who have left school. Their certificated teachers have always meant a considerable advan-

tage which they have had over us in the matter of European teachers. And, as these do not cost them anything, it has always been possible for the Roman Catholic authorities to extend their plans, by aiming at the external and internal development of the public elementary schools, and in this way making it possible for many of the young people to occupy posts as junior officials. It is also a part of Rome's policy to endeavour to fill all posts of this description with its own adherents. And especially when the teachers in the Church schools come actually to be placed on an equal footing with those in Government schools, and when, besides, a subsidy is paid for the instruction given in commercial schools, the larger proportion of European teachers which Rome will be able to show will be so great that not even the Government will be able to compete with them. If we are to hold our own in face of this state of things, it will be absolutely necessary for us also with all our might to seek to establish schools of the same type, or, in other words, to develop our present "Selecta," or advanced school, more and more. By so doing we should be taking up once more the threads which 10 years ago we were obliged to drop, solely because we lacked the means for continuing. This, however, will necessitate our employing headmasters who have passed their examinations in foreign languages and in mathematics. And if we are unable to procure such from Europe, or not enough of them, then we shall have to see to it that the most advanced of our native teachers pass the necessary examinations in Holland. Nor can it, generally speaking, be otherwise than desirable and useful, from a didactic and a pedagogic point of view, that our Surinam teachers should at some time have breathed the air of Europe and widened their horizon! A commercial school of this description would then also be the starting-point for us towards what we have long desired to have, viz., the training of our own teachers independently of the examination courses for Government teachers, which are of a neutral character in religious matters, and which hitherto, whether we liked it or not, our teachers have had to take, and in connection with which a good deal of the faith of their childhood, and their Christian habits, which are carefully nursed whilst they are in our preparatory school, is lost to them.

But we ought also to be in a position to devote a good deal more care and attention to the young people immediately after they have left school, if we wish to retain our hold on them. For in this respect the Roman Catholic Church does all it can to allure and entice them away. However, money is needed, if more intensive attention is to be paid to games and all that appertains thereto. Those who have the young people are masters of the future, and those who have the

needful money are the masters of the young people! Everything else will then drop, as it were, into the lap of those who know how to interest the young people, for the very reason that they still have burning on the hearth of their own hearts a spark of juvenile enthusiasm. But without money it is for him who wishes to conduct young people's Associations absolutely impossible to call into being and keep alive for any length of time anything that is likely to last. Boys and young men need to be occupied in a manner that answers to their natural wants.—The road to mind and heart lies, in their case, through the body!

The girls, too, should have the opportunity given them of further training themselves in those things which they will need later on for life and a living. With a view to this the necessary funds must be placed at their disposal. The present time makes great demands upon us, and it must also meet the just claims of the young people, if it desires to train up a race of young people that is to hold its own in the future.

Boys' and Girls' Associations.

Our town Y.M.C.A., notwithstanding the fact that it has this year celebrated its 25th anniversary, is dying out in its present form of existence, and there are not many who will shed a tear of regret when it dies out altogether. There is nothing so distressing as the sight of a Young People's Association which is lame and drags out a weary, lifeless existence. A state such as that is a contradiction in itself.

All the more luxuriant and full of life is the growth and progress of the Boys' Association which goes by the name of "Timotheus." During the brief course of its existence it has enlisted 60 regular members, among whom are to be found boys belonging to other Churches, and even to the Roman Catholic Church. There is life in the thing. Let us hope that this Boys' Association, which is a source of so much pleasure to everyone concerned, may also become the birthplace of a new, living, and active Y.M.C.A.!

Whereas hitherto the Girls' Associations in the town were looked upon merely as the concern of the individual church communities, in the new year a beginning is to be made with an Association for young girls of 14-17 years of age, in connection with the City Mission. True, it is intended in the first instance for the orphan girls who are in our care, for it is more and more becoming a burning and a pressing question what we are to do with our orphan children when they advance to the age at which the Government will not pay for their support any longer. But already in the years previous to this we are not in a position to watch over them and influence them for good as much as we would like, as long as they are

lodged anywhere in the houses of relatives and friends. An Orphanage of our own is one of those things which we have placed near the top of our list of wishes.

To be sure, the inner man must not be neglected, however much may be done for the benefit of the young people of a Christian congregation in the way of providing the needful outward attractions and inducements. What we want to get is good and useful citizens for the country and the Church. The Home, or City, Mission must supply the requisite material; otherwise it must be adjudged to have missed its mark. The most difficult task the head of this latter mission has to perform, and for which he has daily to ask for the necessary wisdom from on high, is this, in all cases to find the right religious tone which involuntarily appeals to the young people. We may not blink the fact: it is a struggle for our very existence which we still have before us in the future. And if we do not in the course of it make sure of our hold on the young we shall lose them, and in that case, perhaps, it might be better for us voluntarily to abandon the field, before we are compelled to do so.

A clear answer to the question that is often asked, viz., "What do we stand for here in Surinam?—a branch of the Moravian Church, or a National Church? it is not so easy to give. Probably the only possible solution of the problem lies in the answer: "We want to be a company of workers, and since we are here, as nowhere else in the world in the same degree, numerically the strongest Church in the land, our Lord has therewith given us the commission to get to work among the people, to carry on Home Mission work among them along Moravian lines—a task that is well worth while for the noblest of Moravians.

Old and New Things from Surinam.

There is an end to everything—likewise in Surinam—and also to that of being a Governor! The man who has ruled this country for four years, viz., Governor Staal, resigned his post towards the end of the year under review, after the six months' visit which he previously paid to Holland had, unfortunately, not had the desired result of getting Dutch capital in larger quantities interested in Surinam, as seemed at first to be the case. And now everyone is looking forward to the arrival of our new master! Really, the circle is a vicious one in which our economic life revolves, and from which apparently it cannot free itself. Each time when the voice of some pessimist is heard declaring that Holland would do better to abandon its West Indian Colonies, and especially Surinam, the nation's sense of honour rises in opposition, and attention is drawn to the richness of the soil, which only waits to be treated rationally and exploited; but nevertheless capital from the

Mother Country remains shy. And if foreign, *e.g.*, American, capital offers to come in, that again does not suit some people. No wonder, therefore, that the patriotic brains of our good Surinam people sometimes seem to have lost their way in the maze. We have a French telegraphic cable, for which our Government pays a considerable subsidy annually, but which, in the first place, supplies us only with news that has come through or from France, and in the second place more often than not fails us altogether!

There is an end to all things, and that has very nearly been the lot of the only railway line which we have here in the country. It has been in operation for 16 years, and once a week it connects us here in Paramaribo with the Bush Country on the Upper Surinam River. And just the last piece of the railway which is of so much importance for our Bush Country Mission was to be broken up, because it did not pay. Had that been done, we should, as in former times, have again had to put up with a three days' trip per boat, with all the inconveniences connected therewith, instead of a convenient ten hours' journey as at present. However, sympathy and compassion induced both Minister and Governor at the last moment to postpone the suspension of the line. To be sure, a Bush Country ticket is now very expensive, but that is after all the lesser of the two evils.

A decided advance that has been made in the sphere of communications would, on the other hand, catch the eye of a former Surinam inhabitant. This, in the first instance, benefits more especially the missionaries who are stationed on the Commewijne River, and is the fine roads that have been constructed along the banks of the Surinam and Commewijne Rivers, and which make it possible for us to travel long distances either per bicycle or per motor car, whereas until a short time ago the primeval forest commenced almost as soon as one left the town. And roads of this description are also to be made further up along the banks of the Surinam River, so that in a comparatively short time we shall be able to reach Bethesda by road.

The Old Mission.

But you ask: "What about our Old Mission? Is its end drawing near?" Thank God, this is not the case. Although it is called the Old Mission to distinguish it from what we call the New Mission, it does not mean that it has grown old or is antiquated. Although progress is slow, and we cannot always detect it with the naked eye, so to speak, nevertheless signs are not wanting that it is renewing its youth and its strength outwardly and inwardly. In times of trouble many false friends drop off, but also our true friends become manifest. So far as numbers are concerned there is a normal

increase of 281 souls. Church subscriptions have come in everywhere in a pleasing manner, with the result that we have again been able to increase the congregation quotas, which during the last few years had of necessity had to be reduced. One can justly expect of our congregations that they should at last become conscious of their responsibilities, from a sense of obligation and a desire to maintain themselves, and that they will be ashamed of the small monetary assistance they have given in the past. Not that they are stingy or are not willing to give of their substance. That is really not characteristic of our people. It can at most only be said of a few districts. But it is the old, old story: "We want to see what becomes of our money, and we want to have something tangible in exchange for it." When any individual congregation starts a movement for, say, an alteration to or the painting of its own church, or something of that kind, one cannot but marvel at the amount of money that is given. And free labour is also forthcoming. If only one could discover some other and more congenial way of raising the Church contributions, or give the thing some other name.

Although the missionaries in some of the country organisations have repeatedly, and this year again, had cause to complain of cases of gross superstition and heathenism, in which not only elderly people but also the younger generation have taken part, in other places, where civilisation and enlightenment have asserted themselves among the young men of the land, there is great danger of too abrupt a leap being taken into the realm of negation. But certainly doubting thought is more hopeful than obtuseness. The Surinam missionary is only too glad, and his joy can be seen in his face, when he, who is verily never spoilt in matters such as this, is privileged now and again to observe something in the nature of an inward awakening and life, and of an inquiry regarding the things that are great and eternal. Truly, our Old Mission has, in spite of its age and many attacks of senile debility, not yet been forsaken of our Lord and His Holy Spirit.

And now regarding

The New Mission.

It is not new in the sense that the New has taken the place of the Old, or has pushed it out and raised itself up on the ruins of it—but so that New and Old are intended to fructify each other mutually. In many respects the work is harder in the New than in the Old Mission; but in some respects it is easier. In the latter Mission the objects of our work are people who have been Christians, nominally at least, for generations. But what makes the work among them so difficult and depressing is the stagnant state of their Christianity,

their Christianity-by-profession only, their walk and conversation which is so lacking in moral strength and in salt, so to speak, and which has so little attraction for those whose beliefs are different from theirs—if, indeed, it does not react negatively upon them.

On the other hand, in the New Mission the missionary has to do with people who are either out and out heathen still—determined enemies of Christianity—or, as in the case of our Bush Country stations, with such whose existence in the midst of their heathen surroundings might be compared to an oasis, and who on account of their spiritual unripeness and lack of development are constantly exposed to the influences flowing from this quarter. Here it is more a definite fight against darkness; and that is, one might say, what makes it more interesting and more attractive. . . .

The Upper Cottica District is at present quite uncared for, with the exception of the few visits which the Charlottenburg missionary is able to pay in the course of the year. But the poor state of the local outposts does not seem to justify or encourage us, in view of our present financial stringency, in appointing another regular evangelist there. The work, too, on the Marrowijne and Coppename Rivers holds out but little prospect of success, and the local congregations are and always remain small. Also on the *Upper Surinam River* we have again been obliged to leave unoccupied Djemie, the most distant outpost towards the South, near the confluence of the two original streams of the river, which was started seven years ago, and with regard to which we entertained great hopes in view of our work among the Papato tribe living there; for it had become evident that the site chosen is not a favourable one. Apparently we have reached a crisis in our Bush Country Mission also. God grant that the operations and amputations which have taken place may tend to the healing of the rest of the body.

On the other hand, the work among the *Javanese* and the *British Indians* has this year again made good progress—at any rate, if we measure our success by the two centres of activity, the Children's Homes at Leliendaal and Alkmaar respectively. Nor is the demand for money and ever more money anywhere along the whole line of our work as insistent as it is here. Everything is too small and too contracted! Everywhere buildings want adding to, or renewing altogether! The two greatest achievements of the year are: a school of our own at Leliendaal, in which the children inhabiting the two Homes, situated half-an-hour's walk from one another, may obtain Christian instruction, whereas hitherto they had to be sent to the neutral Government school, and the purchase of an adjacent estate, on which the British-Indian boys who leave the Home on account of their advanced age may

later on settle down, so that gradually a colony of Christian peasants may be formed under the control of the missionary at Alkmaar. These are extensive plans; but of what value is it for us to train children up to the age when they leave school, and then to lose sight of them again?

What is to become of the children? That is the question which is also engaging the attention of the Committee concerned with our Home for destitute children at Saron, numbering at the present time more than 60 Creole children. Grand as work of this description is, especially when there are so many children to be cared for, and one cannot but see that a real need is being met, and favourable as the results are at the moment, a glance into the future of these "Home" children is apt to cast a shadow full of anxiety and awe over the joy of the responsible leaders of the work. But then one cannot help looking back again into the present, and revelling in the sight of the neat premises which have arisen there in the 10 years of its history upon which the Children's Home can now look back.

In conclusion. There are a large number of varied branches of work and missionary problems with which we have to do here in the sphere of general and City Mission work, and in that of social activities on Christian lines. Just as the two last-named are hardly distinguishable one from the other, the first two represent, so to speak, two sisters, harmoniously united. Every genus has according to the local conditions its own species, or sub-divisions. Thus, the preaching of the Word in general has allied to it the preaching to those who are in our prison and lunatic asylum; the care in general of the young people, that of the orphans and the destitute; the care in general for the infirm, that of providing work for the cripples, the aged, and those who, owing to no fault of their own, are out of work; and, finally, the care in general for the sick, that of nursing the leper. True, there are other possibilities of work which are not taken up at all, because the means and the needful staff are lacking for carrying them on; whilst other branches of work ought to be, and must be, taken in hand much more energetically, if they are to figure otherwise than on paper only.

Truly, the harvest is great and only waits for diligent hands to thrust in the sickle. Surinam therefore commends itself to the prayerful remembrance and the practical sympathy of the Home Church. You have your own serious troubles and cares, and wants; but in spite of these do not forget us! And may God supply all your need out of His fulness in glory!

TH. MULLER,

Acting Superintendent.

ALASKA.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF BETHEL.

May 31st, 1921.



N unusually cold and long winter is again past. For five months there was not a single thaw, and the snow lay in banks everywhere. Doors were continually being drifted shut, so that the snowshovel became very prominent and quite indispensable! But now the waterfowl have come, the robins are chirping gaily, the swallows are building their nests, and the dainty little redpole is harvesting last year's crop of seeds in the yard under our very windows! The Kuskokwim has once more broken his prison walls of four and more feet of ice and runs freely to the sea. Summer has come, and may it be a real summer!

Though the winter weather was cold, the spiritual work of the Mission went forward unhampered. The period under review has been full of encouragement for us, and our people, too, feel encouraged and are rallying more definitely to the standard of the Lord. We cannot say, however, that the work is without its shadows. In the villages up river there is a decidedly unsettled condition, morally and spiritually. That district will have its own missionaries when Br. and Sr. Kilbuck re-enter the Mission service in July. They will have a field that will need special care and oversight for some years. Old superstitions and new temptations are combining, and the faith of not a few has been disturbed. Some few are wavering and looking backward; others are on the edge of new and hitherto unsuspected morasses of sin.

At Bethel we are glad to report a continued interest in the Church. The choir under the direction of Br. Schwalbe has been a decided success. The people have shown an interest so steadfast that we have been agreeably surprised. We had almost yielded to despair that the Eskimoes were incapable of sustained interest in things beautiful and good! Not only have our services been enhanced by well rendered selections by the choir, but the congregational singing has greatly improved. Even those who never sang have begun to try! Not only have the choir members been faithful at rehearsals, but usually there were also a goodly number of others present to listen.

Self-support.

Although the winter has been a severe one for our people from the economic standpoint, occasioned by both the drop

in prices and the scarcity in furs, they have done remarkably well in meeting the expenses of the local church. To date, the expenses have amounted to ten dollars more than the collections, but during the summer there will be fewer expenses. We will need no artificial light and very little fuel for heating. The collections, too, will be larger as the people earn more. We can therefore safely assume that our Bethel congregation will meet its own financial obligations.

The Tundra and Helper Neck.

Our greatest encouragement has come from the tundra villages. We had prophesied in former reports that such a day might be expected among the tundra people. Statistically speaking, the new day is evidenced by the addition of 25 souls to the communicant membership list. But that is not particularly interesting. It is only as one can sense the stirring heart and mind within these twenty-five that it is possible to realise what has happened. By the grace of the Divine Spirit Helper Neck is the human agent who has wrought this work among his fellow Eskimoes. When Helper Neck was first stationed at the most important tundra village (important because apparently the most hopeless—the fortified citadel of superstition), he began to teach the Word. Now, Br. Neck has the faculty of teaching us so that the Word fastens itself to the heart and life of the people, and the old superstitions weaken without their being aware of it, until, with somewhat of a start, they realise that they have actually let go many of the old things. Helper Neck possesses the special gift of winning the young men. (The young women do not count. Among the Eskimoes, "They are only women!")

When we visited the tundra villages last winter the old men were only beginning to realise that the old order was passing. Their sons were pledging themselves to the new order. They were admitting that the Devil's time was being called among them. Even the *shamans* (medicine-men) felt that they were fast becoming shadows in native history. The *shaman* will some day be relegated to the fairy-tale of the Eskimo past. It was also interesting to notice the change of Br. Neck's tactics. When he began his work in this backward village, an innocent observer might have concluded that the dark practices of heathenism were a matter of indifference to him. He simply taught the Word. The natives said of him that he never made himself obnoxious. But when the teaching of the Word had given them a new vision and a brighter hope, and thus had undermined their age-long superstitions, then he made decided attacks upon all the evil heathen practices. And his attacks carried conviction, for they knew that as an *ex-shaman* he had all the facts of the

case. May he be spared to his people for a long time! And may the day that has dawned for the tundra people continue to grow brighter!

Re-inforcements Needed.

In order to advance this work as it ought to be advanced, there is immediate need of re-inforcements. The case of the Alaskan Mission is that of a battle front where all of the reserves have been called into the trenches. There are no more reserves to call upon. When the time comes that our veterans, by reason of age, must step out, or if disaster should befall any of the younger couples, it will become necessary to withdraw from one of the districts. This means a waste of years of effort and all that it cost. It means retreat before the forces of darkness and superstition. Are we loyal children of the Light? Then let us supply men and means that the work may go forward!

We have the vision of a people sitting in darkness, with childhood wasted and often abused. If we delay, the vision may grow dim. There will be no school, and children will be without that which childhood should have; whole villages will remain ignorant of the Good News, and the clouds of darkness will settle back again.

The vision realised would be its own reward! Happy children, taught useful and beautiful things in a happy home environment, with the opportunity to grow up well, strong, good and useful; happy fathers and mothers, forgetting past fears, loving the Lord Jesus, filled with joy, a song in their hearts at home and at work!

Fraternally Yours,

THE MISSIONARIES AT BETHEL.

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LABRADOR.

EXTRACTS FROM THE STATION REPORTS FOR THE YEAR 1920—21.

Makkovik.

The Boarding School.

FORTY-FIVE children have attended school during the past term, or nine more than last year. Of these, 39 were boarders—21 boys and 18 girls. Nine were Eskimo, the remainder "settler" children. We had prepared to receive fifty, and several children whom we could

name were prevented from coming by parents needing their help or by other home conditions. Circumstances so far have not normally permitted of more than two main classes. As we had beginners, even up to 12 years of age, who knew neither letters nor figures, and others who could tackle a Standard IV. Reader, grading, or rather the absence of grading, somewhat hindered effective progress. I, at least, have found it an embarrassing experience when, on occasion, I have taken a class in which groups of two, four, or more children were variously engaged in addition, multiplication tables, long division, and questions on square measure, and about half of them needed to be helped out of their perplexities at the same moment! Fortunately, the children are contented, keen on their work, and well disciplined.

An observance that appeals greatly to all of them is their daily hour of evening prayer, originated and conducted by Miss Tatterson. There they learn Bible stories and hymns to sing off by heart (as also, of course, they do in their ordinary lessons). For this they also hunt up texts and answer questions on paper out of school hours. They assemble even before the time appointed and sing hymns under the conductorship of one of their number whom they elect for the occasion. One evening a week they will be invited to offer extempore prayer for parents, brothers, sisters, teachers, the school, the foreign mission-field, and so forth. I would that many a formal and nominal Christian could but hear them!

Miss Tatterson's Dispensary Work

may be tabulated briefly as follows:—

Total Dispensary attendances during the year ...	227
Visits paid	53
Minor operations (Dentistry, stitching, etc.) ...	15
Bottles of medicine, linament, etc., dispensed ...	262
Midwifery cases	2
School children under treatment	14

We have been saddened by the deaths of three children who were with us last term. Two Eskimoes succumbed to consumption—one, an Okak orphan, several weeks after his foster-father had taken him home; the other, in spite of careful nursing, here. The third death was that of a boy who left here in very fair, though not robust, health. He contracted dysentery while at home.

Last year the *Harmony* brought us a very welcome consignment of clothing from kind friends. Some children arrived at school very poorly clad. One boy appeared with clothes in a more tattered condition than any I have seen in London slums—and this in the face of the severe Labrador winter.

We received no little encouragement from some members of the Hudson Bay Company, who contributed no less than \$181 for the school here. This was raised by men on board their steamer *Nascopie* while in Port Burwell (Killinek), and so Br. Lenz "must know something about it." On a list of contributors I notice the name of the Rev. S. M. Stewart, of the Colonial and Continental Church Society.

Indians Visit the Station.

In the spring some "Mountaineer" Indians made their way out to Makkovik from the interior. They came to sell fur and to purchase provisions. This was the first time Indians have come to this settlement, and they declared they would come again next spring.

The 150th Anniversary.

Disappointing was the attendance at our special service held for the sesquicentenary of the Labrador Mission. The "winter masters of Labrador," as Mr. Hesketh Prichard well calls the sledge-dogs, were chiefly responsible for this. Travelling conditions were favourable, but a great shortage of dogs' food, that persisted throughout the winter and spring, precluded our remoter members from making a trip that might occupy a week from home. They could neither carry all the dogs' food required nor expect to obtain it here. And the dogs, being in poor condition, had to be spared as much as possible. The scarcity of fish and seal-meat was without precedent in the memory of our oldest members. Indeed, the times have been hard for all, though happily the resources of the folk here have been less straitened than in more northerly stations. But our Jubilee services were blessed, none the less. And we know that, while sometimes worshippers may be present in body but not in spirit, so, too, others may be present in spirit, if absent in body.

A Remarkable Conversion.

We thankfully record one remarkable conversion. An Eskimo but slightly acquainted with English, and while attending services held in that (to him) imperfectly understood tongue, experienced the Holy Spirit at work upon his heart. This he told us in particular one Wednesday night six months ago, just after a service at which, beginning a course upon "How we got our Bible," I had been speaking about Wyclif. Lately, when this brother was calling at Makkovik, we rejoiced to find him still progressing along the "upward way."

At Easter five of our young people were confirmed by Br. Townley, who had been besought to come and conduct Eskimo services, and who then added to our indebtedness by also giving us a "word of exhortation" in our mother tongue. As the future of the Church rests so largely with its younger members, we would earnestly commend these

confirmees to the prayers of our readers. Far too many Christians have no thought beyond "Personal Salvation." Many, aiming higher, content themselves with endeavours after "Personal Sanctification." But the sinful chaos of the world, the uplifted standard of the Cross, the clear commands of our Risen Master, alike enjoin upon all the bounden duty of "Personal Service."

R. S. CALLENDER.

Hopedale.

July 17th brought the first schooner to this place. As the month advanced more came to exploit Labrador waters for the valued cod-fish. Throughout the summer, as opportunity offered, services were held for the fishermen. Tracts and reading matter generally were also asked for and supplied to them. The results of our efforts among the fishermen are known to the Lord.

Summer Visitors.

During the summer visitors, by mailboat and otherwise, have appeared at the station. Some of these are remembered for the kindness and Christian love and behaviour manifested towards the Eskimoes; and some, we are sorry to say, are remembered only on account of the evil deeds and evil impressions they leave behind. During the summer months our Eskimoes are subjected to many temptations, and succumb to the soul and body destroying wiles of both native and non-native who visit this station. Against too free an intercourse ashore and afloat we advise and warn our people, but the admonitions have apparently been unheeded, and the evil has continued more or less here and at the outside places. Our Eskimoes are simply grown-up children; therefore we are not without hope that sooner or later the efforts made for purity of life will, through experience and the working of the Holy Spirit, bear good fruit.

Temporal Matters.

In temporal things the past year has been the worst on record for Hopedale. The cod-fishery was a total failure. In consequence every man was deeply in debt at the Store, and had nothing wherewith to buy an outfit for the autumn hunt, much less a winter's supplies. Add to these conditions the high prices of imported articles of food, etc., and we shall understand a little of the prospect of the coming winter that loomed ahead of even the slow-thinking Eskimo. The lethargic and the improvident here put on their thinking caps with regard to the high cost of living, and decided to raise the price of labour! Unfortunately in this land there is no regular work to be had, and owing to the season very little

work could be found for the poor to do. Poor relief had to be distributed, and very liberally, too, to fit out the hunters for the autumn sealing. This gave very poor results. Of seals only a very few were caught—scarcely sufficient to provide foot-gear for many, as the ice covered the bays before the much-needed seals could enter.

Advent and Christmas came, and our Eskimoes had nothing for the festive season. Again we had to help them. The New Year came, and on it we had set all our hopes for improvement in temporal matters; but disappointment was the New Year's portion, as foxes and other fur-bearing animals could not be caught by trap, and practically nothing by gun. Firewood was brought and bought, but the high cost of living prevented poverty from being dethroned in the homes of our people. In consequence throughout the whole winter Poor Relief had to be given to the people here and at the outstations to an extent unparalleled in the annals of the station.

Spiritual Work.

With more or less success, throughout the winter, the work of preaching, teaching, and visiting has been carried on unhindered. Settlers and Eskimoes to the north and south have been visited, and services have been held in English and Eskimo. Holy Communion and Baptism were administered in settlers' homes, and in the course of the winter some of them found their way to Hopedale. We would like to see them come oftener to the church and station, but weather and temporal matters often prevent them. Dogs' food and food for the family have to be considered. The spending of several days at the station costs something, and particularly in these days and under the past winter's conditions.

Attendance at church has been good, and we have been pleased to be able to restore many who were under church discipline to their normal status in the congregation. We have also had much less need to exercise church discipline. Without doubt, the Holy Spirit has been working in many hearts, particularly during the Passion Week and at Easter, as was evidenced in word and deed.

The 150th Anniversary.

On February 27th we celebrated the 150th Anniversary of the work on this Coast, and great interest was manifested by the congregation. The church was tastefully decorated, and for the service two new hymns, Nos. 493 and 554 of the English Hymnbook, 1914 edition, were translated and sung. The band played in the church and in the open air, making "a joyful noise unto the Lord" in hymn tunes, old and new. We had good attendances, and the collection for the day was

devoted to Foreign Missions. . . . In spite of great poverty during the year under review, our people have gathered together in small sums rather over \$21 for Foreign Missions.

Village Affairs.

In the village, life has been quiet and orderly, and the church committee have had very little to do officially. Lately, at the beginning of June, with their help and the help of the householders and owners, the paths and open drains have been cleaned and repaired. The church helpers, male and female, have rendered willing assistance in many ways in caring for the church building, etc., and in making it attractive and comfortable for the services. Others have also aided, by bell-ringing, etc., in making the work for the Lord a success.

The health of the congregation has been on the whole good. We thankfully record the fact that we have had no epidemics. Had there been any such, we would have had an anxious time, as none of our people were in a fit state, physically, to withstand the attack of anything of a vitality-lowering nature, owing to the absence of fresh meat. With the Game Laws so unnecessarily stringent for the natives, we fear that sooner or later there will be no Eskimoes left to hunt (either legally or illegally) the game, the God-given provision for the natives of the country.

The winter here has been gloriously healthy, with steady, cold, and sunshiny weather. Nevertheless, there have been 10 deaths since last July. Two of the departed were our Helpers Elias Aggek and Ambro Assa, and these had served in that capacity for 26 and 14 years respectively. For the same period there have been only 10 births. Of the 16 who have removed from the station since the New Year, 10 have gone back to Okak to fish and hunt there.

All friends, helpers, and faithful remembrancers in the homelands we thank heartily.

S. J. TOWNLEY.

A. H. E. ASBOE.

Nain.

Economic Conditions.

When the *Harmony* left us in the autumn of 1920 the outlook was not over bright for our people from a temporal point of view. The fishing had proved all but a failure, but still there was hope that a good seal-hunt and favourable trapping season might make up for the deficiencies of the cod-fishery. And at first everything seemed to promise well. Of foxes there had been a good sign, and herds of seals had been observed in some of the bays quite early in the season. So, after the ship's departure, most of our people moved to

their various hunting and trapping grounds, with the best of hopes for the coming winter. The weather was exceptionally mild for the time of the year, and we all expected that it would not make ice until about Christmas. However, after the middle of November, severe frosts set in, and when it remained calm for a few days the harbour and, soon after, also the bays north and south of us froze over. What few seals had come in could easily make their escape seawards before the ice got thick enough to permit hunting on it. When the ice became strong enough our people began to come in from all sides. The seal-hunt with gun and net had proved an entire failure at all the inside places. The outside netting places had caught fairly well, but, after all, this concerned only a few families, whilst the bulk of our people were face to face with a hard winter. To make matters worse, foxes, though fairly plentiful, refused to be tempted into the traps, even by the best of bait, for mice of all kinds abounded and were easily caught by the foxes, as there was practically no snow to hide them. The unusual lack of snow also made the hunting for ptarmigan not only very difficult but was generally believed to be the cause of these otherwise easily procurable birds being very wild all through the winter.

Taking into consideration all these circumstances, things did not look any too bright when all our people gathered together at the station for Christmas. There was only one certainty that made it possible for us not to worry, and that was that the Creator of all is our Father, who will never forsake those that put their trust in Him. Our simple-minded people have a very childlike trust in the Heavenly Father's care. Many times, when European Christians doubt and worry about the future, they, the Eskimoes, find it easy to trust. And so at Christmas, in spite of the dark outlook, there was universal happiness as usual, though possibly much of it was only on the surface. The love of the Father in giving His only begotten Son for sinful men, which Christmas brings home to us, never fails to move the hearts of our people, even if their lives may show as yet but little of other Christian graces.

The winter passed without any of our people being in actual want of the necessities of life. However, a new difficulty arose when the trapping season was over. The deer-hunting, which used to fill the gap between fox-hunting and spring seal-hunting, is illegal now, and while all feel the injustice of it, they do not like to transgress the law. If the Mission did not provide work, such as wood-cutting, our people would have to starve. And even now, though our people can buy flour, molasses, and salt meat, yet for a long stretch of two or three months they lack the essential thing

to keep them in good health, viz., fresh meat. Petition after petition has been sent in to the authorities by our people, yet so far all in vain: the only reply they receive is that meat has been wasted in the past by our people. This seems strange in the face of the fact that every year hundreds of thousands of seals' carcasses are left on the ice by the Newfoundland sealers to decay or to drop into the sea and become the food of sharks, and that under the very eyes of the Government. It seems very hard that a small nation like our Eskimoes should, by law, be deprived of its natural means of subsistence and left to die out even faster than other unchangeable circumstances are already causing it to do.

During the spring months many of our people have suffered from the want of fresh meat more than usual. So also did the Indians who are staying at the station. Scurvy in all kinds of forms was very tenacious, and did not cease its ravages until "open water," when fresh trout was obtainable.

Fire in the Native Village.

On January 2nd fire broke out in the house of Nathaniel Illiniartitsijok, our venerable school teacher and helper. We were just kneeling in prayer in church when someone outside raised the cry of fire. The service had to be discontinued, and when we hastened out into the wintry night there was no doubt that it was the highest time for help to come. Nathaniel's house was all ablaze, and there was no hope of saving it. But if the whole village was to be saved there was no time for delay. The adjoining house, which is used as a store by the trader White, contained powder and ammunition. We set to work at once pulling down the burning house, lest the fire should spread to the trader's house. The fact that it was mid-winter and that, therefore, water in large quantities was unobtainable, made our task much harder, but in the end we won. It was a merciful providence that there was no wind at the time, otherwise the outcome would have been very different.

Church and School.

Our Lord and Master has blessed our work to the souls of those entrusted to our care. There has been a hunger for the Word of God noticeable in the case of the majority of our people. The absence of a good many families during the winter, necessitated by poverty, naturally made itself felt during the season of Lent particularly; but all the more eagerly did the hunters returning from outside attend the services.

The Eskimo school would have been practically impossible had not all those who went away been willing to leave their children behind in care, mostly, of the venerable school teacher Nathaniel and his wife, who has also helped with the teaching for many years. As it happened, we had given the

old people permission to live in the part of the school-house formerly used for the settler-school, until they were able to find a residence elsewhere. This circumstance proved to be of great advantage, not only for the school, but also for the extensive preparations which were made for the celebration of the 150th Anniversary of our Mission. In the school-house, Frederike, the teacher, together with some other women, used every spare moment in making wreaths and huge garlands for the decoration of the church inside and out. It was a pleasure to see them at work, happily singing, and all eager to do their best—even the little children's fingers being employed in picking out material and preparing the twigs.

The 150th Anniversary of the Mission.

February 27th was the day set apart for the commemoration at all the stations of the first arrival of the messengers of the Good News in Labrador. A week before the time most of the people arrived from their various places to lend a hand in the decoration of the church. A special prayer-meeting with the helpers, on one of the preceding evenings, was arranged to ask the Lord for an abundant blessing on all the members of the congregation for the day, and the Lord made that a time of special blessing to all who took part in it. It is difficult to say much about the Festival itself. The whole congregation lived in the church, one might say. In the various meetings all the helpers did their share in addressing the congregation or in offering up prayer. Outwardly the church looked beautiful, and, inwardly, many a humble soul was also beautiful in the sight of Him that seeth the heart. A spirit of praise and exultation, of gratitude for mercies received, and of prayerfulness for mercies to be bestowed pervaded the whole community. In the evening of the following day we celebrated the Lord's Supper, which was more fully attended than has been the case for years. May the blessings received at these Jubilee services be of a lasting nature. It must certainly be regarded as a good sign that the church collections are larger than before, in spite of the prevailing poverty.

Indians at the Station.

Our report would not be complete without mention being made of some new arrivals who, though they have not yet joined our congregation, have come to live here, and will get more and more influenced by us. Indians have for some time past been trading regularly at our store in Voisey's Bay. There they have come into touch with our people and, persuaded by these several families, have come to live here with the Eskimoes. Some have gone back to their distant homes, while one family and an orphan boy have remained. These

have since the spring been joined by a man who is a cripple, his wife, her sister, and the orphan's mother. All of these are Nascapis, and have been baptized either by Roman Catholic priests or by agents of the H.B.C. But they are very ignorant. Unfortunately we can do but little for them, as we know only a few words of their language. One of them understands a little English. If it were possible to get some tracts in their language we might be able to do some good, for they are able to read and write in Syllabic.

P. HETTASCH.

Hebron.

The past year was a most peculiar one from the point of view of outward conditions. In Labrador we are accustomed to snow and ice, and cold and storms. Now, during the past winter there was no lack of cold and storms, but the small amount of snow which we got was most remarkable. Whenever it did snow, which was seldom the case, storms very soon swept the countryside clean, and we have this year been without the sight of white, snow-covered, glistening hills. Whereas at other times our mission-house here at Hebron is often buried in snow right up to the eaves of the house, and a good deal of work is necessary in order to keep the doors and windows free; this year we were able to walk on level ground in front of our house right up to Easter. There was no need for snow to be removed, and as early as May 10th (an exceptionally early date!) we were able to dig our garden and sow turnip seeds.

Lack of snow was also the reason why there was no track for sledges across the hills, and accordingly this time we had to wait a full half-year, from September, 1920, when the *Harmony* left us, until the beginning of April, 1921, before we received any mail from the South; and this was therefore the only mail during the whole of the winter. In these circumstances the loneliness and seclusion of Hebron was often-times very oppressive.

In other respects the year was outwardly favourable for the people. The seal-catch in the autumn was good, for about 1,000 seals were captured by the few people belonging to Hebron; with the result that man and beast (dogs) did not suffer any want. We ourselves, too, had to be satisfied with seal-meat, since it is as good as impossible for us to obtain deer-meat, on account of the Game Laws, and we may only shoot ptarmigan (white grouse) during a short period of the year. Fines of from 50 to 100 dollars for transgressing the Game Laws are not uncommon nowadays in Labrador, and have already been the cause of a good deal of bitter feeling on the part of the people. No one objects to there being

Game Laws for Labrador, but these ought to be made adaptable to Labrador conditions, and regulations which are intended for sportsmen, who hunt for the pleasure of the thing, ought not to be made to apply to the Eskimoes, who are a race of hunters who have for hundreds of years been accustomed to entire freedom of the chase, and are dependent upon the chase for a living.

During the past winter there were more fur-bearing animals than in the previous year.

Health.

The health of our people was, on the whole, good, although there were cases of tedious colds, and the motor boats were responsible for various injuries. From among the grown-ups no one departed this life during the year, but seven little children died, without there being any epidemic of children's diseases. In the case of some of them accidents were the cause of death.

The 150th Anniversary.

It is 150 years this year since the Labrador Mission was begun. Although the trying experiences of the last few years and the present state of our congregation provided little or no inducement to celebrate a Jubilee festival, it would have meant unpardonable ingratitude towards the Lord had we let the Jubilee year pass by unnoticed.

Accordingly, Sunday, February 27th, was set apart as a special festival day. On that day we made use of the church instead of the school-room (which latter had of late been utilised for church purposes, as being sufficiently large for the reduced number of people at the station—Ed.). It was not possible for us festively to decorate the church. Our helper, Tobias, who is 70 years of age, got his wife to manufacture an imitation, as well as he could remember, of the flag which the *Harmony* carried in the year 1871 (the Centenary of the Labrador Mission—Ed.), and this adorned one whole side of the building. Although the angel with the trumpet was, according to our ideas, not exactly a thing of beauty, nevertheless the work of art was admired by everybody, and the labour expended upon it was worthy of acknowledgment. To our joy the whole of the congregation, with the exception of two families from a distance, came together at the station for the festival. By way of preparation I had described to the people on two evenings beforehand the first attempt that was made, in 1752, to commence a Mission in Labrador, and then the actual beginning in 1771, in connection with sketches of the lives of J. Ehrhardt and Jens Haven. The good attendances and the great attention paid on these two evenings were evidence of the interest which

was aroused by these addresses, although nothing was said directly to that effect. On the Saturday, the 26th, we bent our knees in prayer to the Lord, and asked Him to grant His blessing for the following festival days. As there is not any more a brass band here at Hebron, we commenced the day with the ringing of the church bell. Old Tobias kept morning prayers. In the sermon at the public service we sought to bring home to the hearts of our hearers the many good things which the Lord had bestowed upon the Eskimo nation through the medium of the Mission. As there was no special greeting for the occasion from the Homelands, we read together at the afternoon meeting the letter addressed to the Labrador congregations at the time of the Centenary, in 1871, and this was followed by a festive liturgy. The festival closed with the Lord's Supper.

The people from Ramah who had come for the festival remained at Hebron until after Easter. During that time we again used the schoolroom for the church services, but now—in the summer—it is proving too small. As, however, our church building is too large for our reduced numbers, and too cold in winter, it is our intention to divide it into two parts by means of a partition. (Since the above was written Bishop Martin has informed us that this alteration has been effected, entirely at the expense of local church funds.—Ed.)

Another important day for our congregation was Palm Sunday, when six young people were added to the Church by confirmation, after a suitable course of instruction, and on Maundy Thursday they partook of the Lord's Supper for the first time.

The Lord grant that they may grow up to be true Christian men and women, for such are badly needed here.

A. MARTIN.



NOTES BY THE WAY.

By Bishop A. Ward.

(From "Moravian Missions.")

Continued from p. 39, Vol. XI.

FROM January 24th to 26th a conference was held at Genadendal to revise the draft of the new constitution of the Western Province of our Mission in South Africa. As almost all the members of conference had worked through the series of amendments, with the visitor at the various stations, it was possible to get through the whole work in 2½ days, though the changes were very radical. It makes Committees elective, creates a representative Conference, and makes the Provincial Board responsible to it. The Superintendent will continue to be appointed by the Mission Board for the present. The General Missionary Conference will meet in June for a final revision of the book in the Dutch language. It will then be sent to the Mission Board for its final approval. In September it ought to be possible to introduce the necessary changes in the management of the congregations, and in January it is hoped that the first Representative Conference can be held. The property will remain in the hands of the Board of Trustees. An interview I had with a deputation in Capetown showed that the proposed reforms are just what was wanted.

For some time to come missionaries will have to be sent out from home; for no Coloured ministers have been trained for some time. We need a larger and better qualified native ministry here, as everywhere. The ultimate aim, however, should be the establishment of common training institutions to raise the standard of education of the ministry and to make possible the creation of a South African Church, if the people should wish it. At present different Churches are experimenting with various constitutions. Some aim at creating a Church in which White, Coloured, and Native sit side by side with equal rights. Some aim at organising the races in separate Churches with a common faith and identical institutions. In any case, unselfishness, faith, and good leadership are now the main needs, and they who lead must themselves be taught of God.

Having secured a berth for Dar-es-Salaam on a steamer that leaves Durban on March 7th, and another on a boat leaving Dar-es-Salaam on April 14th for Port Said, I set off eastwards once more, purposing to see our congregations in the district of Port Elizabeth and a few of our stations in Kaffraria on the way. The weather was hot, and the two days in the train grew wearisome, though we went by the so-called "Garden Route." The views over the plain and the sea, as one winds up the mountains above George, are fine; but one is led by enthusiasts and advertisers to expect so much that the reality is disappointing. Besides, when one has been travelling a year, one's standards change, and wonder, which forms such an important element in admiration and interest, is weakened. But, as far as mission-work was concerned, interest never flagged.

In the group of congregations around Port Elizabeth all difficulties centre in the fact that Coloured and Native are united in one congregation, though they are as distinct in every respect as any two races can be. The congregations are bi-lingual. At Port Elizabeth itself the work is like that of a town congregation at home. The school is like day-schools at home, and does not seem to help the Church much. It does not consist of our own children, as elsewhere. In some of the schools of the group, where only Dutch and English are used, Native children are handicapped. We had a very hearty service in the evening, at which the congregation presented £7 11s. 3d. for our foreign work. The interview with the Committee was very satisfactory. There seems to be every prospect of growth, especially at Walmer, the Native location, where the evangelist preaches—of course, in the Kaffir language.

Westward of Port Elizabeth lies Clarkson. One travels on a light railway the greater part of two days going—spending the night half-way—and a day returning. The railway climbs hills, runs in and out of valleys, round the edge of gullies, sometimes right round a mountain to secure the right gradient. The engineers who made the South African railways must have enjoyed themselves, if they really loved their profession. With plenty of money, plenty of labour, plenty of time, and no necessity to take the shortest or the quickest way, it must have been a pleasure to carry these highways of commerce over mountain and veld. At Assegaibosch, the station for Clarkson, we experienced some of the vagaries of South African weather. There had been a thunderstorm the evening before which had not cleared the air, but left it hot and humid. Yet the sky was clear. We went to the hotel for lunch, and were preparing to proceed on our journey,

after having the horses shod, when the sky clouded over and the rain came down in torrents, driven by a wind that upset a tent in a moment, and would have upset us also, if we had been up on the pass. The rain was welcome; for the country had been suffering from drought. When the rain had ceased we drove up the pass, through Karrudow, a new place, where the Dutch Reformed minister lives, whose parish is practically co-extensive with ours—a good neighbour, who works with us on the understanding that all the white people belong to him, and all the Coloured and Fingus to us. We crossed the coast range into the Tzitzikama district—a long, narrow strip of land between sea and mountains. At the boundary of the Clarkson property we were met by horsemen, who had waited in the rain to escort us to the station. The main part of the village is a long street of detached cottages, with a strip of grass between, like a village green. At the top end the church and the mission-house face one another, with two big oaks between them and clumps of trees beyond. The children were drawn up in two lines with giant ferns in their hands, producing the impression of an avenue—an impression which was heightened by several young fir-trees that had been set up on either side of the road. When we had passed, the children at the lower end turned in behind us and marched up the avenue, each pair in turn following on, so that it looked as if Birnam Wood were coming to Dunsinane. The adults were awaiting us under the oaks, and there the formal welcome took place. The sea was visible about 8 miles away, until the children with their ferns filled in the gap between the rows of men and women.

The usual series of meetings filled up all the available time. One day we went to Snyklip, a Fingu out-station, and in spite of short notice the congregation assembled as soon as school was over. The teacher, who was trained at Mvenyane, proved an efficient interpreter from English into Kaffir, though he had never done anything of that kind before. When the missionary goes there he speaks Dutch, and the headman interprets. At Woodlands we had a very good attendance, and a satisfactory interview with the elders. On Sunday we celebrated the Lord's Supper at Clarkson, and a considerable number came in from the out-stations. Usually, when both races are present, the sermon is interpreted. To avoid a double translation the English sermon that day was translated into Dutch only. I had been led to suppose that the work at Clarkson was unimportant. In reality it is a district in which there is considerable scope for expansions, and in which the missionary has had to refuse more than one invitation to begin new work, because his hands are full

already. One wonders how some of our men get through their work.

Enon, the oldest station of the Port Elizabeth group, came next. To reach it one travels about 40 miles by rail and about two hours by Cape cart. It is situated in a picturesque valley, and would be beautiful, if the "bush" that clothes the hills consisted of forest-trees instead of thorns. When the mimosa is in bloom, it must be a pretty sight; but in February the long thorns drew one's attention more than anything else. When Christian Ignatius La Trobe travelled from Genadendal by ox-waggon in 1815 and chose this site, elephants used to come and bathe and drink in the pond near the present mission-house, and the farmer from whom we bought the lease of the mission-site used to lie in wait to shoot them on the steep hill overlooking our garden. The pond has shrunk to a bit of swampy ground. Our fathers were attracted by the chance of doing new work on the borderland of the unknown regions from which Kaffir tribes made their incursions. Enon was burnt down soon after it was built, like so many other places in the "Debatable" land, when the Settlers of 1820 and their successors, like a slow-moving tide, spread over the land. There can be no doubt now that the founding of Enon was a mistake. It was too far away from the base, and it lay in a district where the rainfall was uncertain, though the river was flowing when C. I. La Trobe saw it. It was empty when I drove across its bed. There is plenty of grass, when the rain falls; but a good harvest comes about once in six years. It is surrounded by a forest of prickly pears, against which the missionary is waging war with a spray that is supposed to kill them. As a mere piece of leaf, falling on the ground, will grow, it is very hard to check their advance. The fruit is edible; but they take up ground that is wanted for more useful crops. The system of irrigation which the missionaries created has been allowed to fall into ruin since the Grant lands have passed out of our control, and nothing but a system of irrigation can secure crops in that district. The big mission-garden with its vines and fruit-trees, its vegetables and lucerne, shows what can be done if there is proper, responsible control. There is a nice grass-plot, too, between the mission-houses, the church, and the village—with rich grass, not quitch. One must live a few months in a grassless land to appreciate what that means.

The original founding of Enon was a mistake; but now that it has sister-congregations comparatively near to it there seems no reason why it should not prosper, if it can only

secure and maintain unity of purpose and action. There is no problem in connection with it which cannot be solved by common sense, patience and good temper. The course of events there was very much the same as in other congregations; but one knew all the time that more depended on this visit than on most others. For this reason the Ebenezer erected at the conclusion of my stay seems more full of meaning, and its endurance is a special subject of hope and prayer. It would be a good thing if the station could be visited more frequently by somebody in authority.

Here is a vignette of our farewell. We are going to catch the midnight train. A tremendous thunderstorm has just passed over. A little rain is still falling. The lightning flashes repeatedly. The band, under the lead of the school-master, comes to give us a solemn send-off. Some play without music. Some have their music held for them. It is all in manuscript. Some lay it on the ground, and have to squat on their heels to see it by the light of the dim lamps. One hears the "dab" of the raindrops on it. We stand and listen awhile, then get into the cart, because the kind friend who is in charge of the expedition says it is high time. The sound of the hymn-tune follows us, till we are out of reach. May my right hand forget its cunning, if I forget what the Enon people did that night.

The next place of call should have been Shiloh; but there were so many other visitors there just then that Baziya and Tabase were taken next, the intention being to return to it later. As things turned out, it was impossible to do so. The Transkei railway runs through a perfect tangle of grassy hills. It crosses the river by a long iron bridge, and the train puffs and pants up the hills and round about them, going so slowly that those who know the country say they can give the train a long start and catch it at a higher level by a short cut. In one place it passes directly over the mouth of a tunnel through which it came a short time before. Kaffir children, mostly naked, some with an ochre-red blanket round them, or slung over one arm, run alongside of the train, keeping up with it for a long way, and shouting for bread. Almost every boy has his stick in his hand—sometimes two. They are a jolly, laughing crew, and scramble good-naturedly for what is thrown to them.

So one crawls along from six in the morning till eight at night to reach Umtata. There Br. Hartmann—may his shadow never grow less!—was waiting to receive his guests; for Br. and Sr. Moths had come by the same train, unknown

to me, after a long furlough. Next day we drove off in two carts, and were received by a cavalcade of horsemen near Tabase Nek. At the foot of the hill, where the stream crosses the road, the school boys and girls were drawn up. Many of the girls seemed to be in white, and almost all fluttered handkerchiefs and little flags, making a rather pretty effect, but an effect the horses objected to. Then the two lines broke up, and their efforts to keep up with us produced the impression of "hare and hounds." Some of them looked like young men and women. And now we are in the midst of the congregation. Hymns, a few speeches of welcome and replies, lunch—and we are off again. There were some smart showers of rain on the way to Baziya which everybody welcomed; for the land had been threatened with drought for a third time, and one heard repeatedly that the people were "starving." Traders scoffed at the assertion. Missionaries said it was true—that there had not been such scarcity of food for years. We arrived at Baziya very wet. Only a few people had waited for us, as we were late and they had been told not to attempt a public welcome, since it was impossible to say when we should arrive; but some had held out, and were drawn up in line, as we drove into the courtyard, and greeted us with a hymn and a few short speeches.

The time spent in Baziya was full of interest. Of course the schools had to be inspected. The numbers were lower than usual, and the explanation given was: "The people are starving, and many cannot send their children, for lack of clothes." The afternoon was spent in studying the parish on an ordnance map, in order to get an idea of its extent and the positions of its many schools and preaching-places. It is about 36 miles long and 10 miles wide. Tabase parish, which is smaller, adjoins it. Its neighbours are Anglicans, Romans, Wesleyans, Scottish Presbyterians, and Dutch Reformed Church. It has a strong band of evangelists, with whom we spent a day in discussing the work. They had been asked to stick to these four points as much as possible: (1) What do you do? (2) How do you do it? (3) What are your helps? (4) What are your hindrances? Each was asked to speak in turn. The gist of the answers was this: We preach to the heathen. We visit and encourage isolated Christians. We instruct candidates for baptism. We begin by trying to obtain the support and goodwill of the headman, or chief. We secure a kraal to preach in, and go round from hut to hut inviting the people to come and hear our message. We get Christians, men and women, to go with us and help with the singing and speaking. We try to get access to the sick. Our greatest help is the support of our brethren and

sisters. Times of distress and sickness provide open doors more than times of prosperity. To go with a new convert is a sure means of getting an audience. The chief hindrances are social customs—polygamy, beer, dances, the refusal of husbands to allow wives to become Christians, feasts specially fixed on Sundays to keep people away from services, and a certain fatalism which leads them to say: "I can't become a Christian, until God comes and reveals Himself to me."

So we talked on for hours. At last I said: "From books, missionary reports, and hearsay I had got the idea that your chief difficulty was the witch-doctor. I find he is a fiction; for you have nearly all spoken, and nobody has so much as mentioned him." It would have been worth while to get a snapshot of the meeting at that moment. Some looked serious. Some laughed. But there was an uncanny feeling that the atmosphere had suddenly changed. Then Elias Msuku, whose story we may tell some day, broke the ice, and afterwards a few others added to what he said, and one found oneself face to face with the most serious enemy, the main support of superstition, social customs, and tradition—the soul of Fear, which rules the souls of the heathen. The witch-doctors not only prop up heathenism. They sow dissension among Christians. According to their doctrine all disease is due to poison or witchcraft, and, if they can gain access to a sick Christian, they insinuate that his wife, or son, or friend has caused his disease. Their power lies in the fact that most Christians in this part of the country were once heathen and held the same beliefs. Many superstitions survive among them. There are plenty who still believe in the little man who goes about at night with poisons, and the enchanted bird that causes lightning, or the serpent that can tempt men still, as in the story of Eve. We have only to think of the superstitions, even of good people, at home to form some idea of the power of superstition in its strongholds.

The accusation common in the early days of Christianity is brought against Christians here also, especially by perverts, that at the Communion the blood of human victims is drunk. It was added that the heathen despise perverts, who defend themselves by saying: "I saw nothing worth while in Christianity, so I threw it away." There are still many white people who say that Natives are spoilt by becoming Christians. It is a pity such people cannot spend a day like that, discussing serious topics with reasonable men one day, and spend an afternoon with "red Kaffirs" another day, and then say honestly whether the contrast is not like light and darkness. For the day before a party of us had gone in an ox-waggon

to a neighbouring kraal, where an evangelist was to be installed. The headman had placed his hut at our disposal, and it had been cleaned and the floor newly smeared with cow-dung, as is commonly done with mud-floors in South Africa to keep them from crumbling. About 70 people squatted on the floor, mostly "Reds," and a number outside. Some had their faces smeared with white clay—to keep them cool, I was told; but I suspect the real purpose is ornamental—the same as rouge and paint at home. They perspired profusely, swathed in their thick red blankets, and the clay ran, as the rouge does in like circumstances. The service was more or less like an "evangelistic service" at home, with a number of speakers. The people came and went, and one had to get accustomed to this; but they seemed to listen well, and the majority sat out the whole service. When I said goodbye to the chief, he said something which was, of course, unintelligible to me. I called an interpreter; but, when the interpreter heard it, he said he did not like to repeat what was said. When I urged him, he said with evident reluctance: "He wants to know whether the Bishop will not say goodbye with a ticky (a threepenny bit)." I gave the man some money as "rent for his house and for taking us to see some Bushmen's rock-paintings," as I asked the missionary to explain at a suitable season; but it was a surprise to find that an African chief expects a tip as surely as a taxi-driver, a railway porter, or a waiter. It does not lessen his dignity or influence among his own people apparently; but a Christian day-school teacher feels the shame of it so much that he will translate such a request only when urged to do it! Of course there are Christian cadgers also; but it is evident that the majority have learnt that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The special gifts of congregations for our Missions have been recorded already. Here are some others received since: Maitland, Women's Prayer Union (for Jerusalem), 5s. 4d.; An Old Brother, 6d.; Port Elizabeth, £7 11s. 3d.; Clarkson, £3 (for Leh church); Bersaba (the Native out-station of Enon), £2 2s.; Enon had not got its gift ready. [£2 has since been received from Enon.—Ed.]

A day at Tabase completed this visit. The service there was rendered the more effective by the presence of Mr. Mure, our Scotch neighbour, who also addressed the meeting, and accompanied us when we paid a visit to the school. The attempt of the Ethiopians to capture or split this congregation during the long absence of the missionary has not succeeded, and now that he has returned prosperity should also return. Br. Hartmann drove me into Umtata the following day, and we paid two visits to officials, in order to place some matters of business before them. Then the long-hoped-

for rain began to come down so plentifully that Br. Hartmann "inspanned" and drove off, lest he should be cut off from home by the river. I experienced three days later how serious a risk this may be; for, on reaching Mount Frere, I was told that it was impossible to reach Mvenyane, as the river was "full from bank to bank."

Two days spent at St. Cuthbert's, near Tsolo, gave an opportunity of seeing work of another kind. This mission is staffed by Cowley Fathers and Wantage Sisters and their numbers remind us of the days when Genadendal had no empty mission-houses. They have a hospital, a weaving school for girls, a carpenter's shop and wood-work class, schools for Native boys and girls up to standard six, and a boarding school for children of mixed marriages, besides numerous out-preaching places and kraal schools. Of course they have cattle and poultry and a large garden. They are assisted by one or two Europeans and a Native deacon. The Superintendent General was there on a visitation, and had also been in India. The more one travels, the more one realises that there is a real *Unitas Fratrum* among Christians which is almost perfect, so long as one keeps off the subjects of Faith and Order in their technical sense, and sticks to faith and service in their everyday meaning. Theories divide; practice unites, if we are men of goodwill. To spend a day or two in the fellowship of "beauteous souls" is enough to silence controversy and to throw fresh light upon the manifold grace of God, which is as visible in the Church as in Nature. I am glad I had that practical illustration of the Christian charity of High Anglicanism, before reading the Report of the Lambeth Committee on Intercommunion with our Church. Cold print is like an iceberg, and can freeze the soul; human fellowship is like a fine summer's day, and can make it unfold like a flower in a beautiful garden. St. Cuthbert's will always seem to me like a garden of souls, in which refinement, kindness, and pure goodness have been brought into full bloom by the heavenly Gardener. "The Imitation of Christ" and "The Letters of Father Benson" were being read aloud at meals. It was like getting back to old school and college days to have reading aloud at meals. In such company "The Imitation" took on a new meaning. Those who have been brought up in the traditions of our Church may thank God for the doctrine of our fathers concerning the various manifestations (*tropoi*) of the spirit of God in His Church. It needs only to be stated to appeal to the reason and sympathy of men of all shades of opinion. It trains one from youth upward, if it is understood, in recognising beauty wherever it exists. Taken in conjunction

with the facts of environment, it will prepare our Church to deal some day with a growing problem, not unconnected with the Lambeth question.

Each part of our scattered Church tends to assimilate itself to its environment. In England and America we are influenced by Anglican and Free Church ritual. On the Continent of Europe we are tinged with Lutheranism. In the western part of South Africa the influence of the Dutch Reformed Church is strongly felt. In Kaffraria English influences affect our people, but are not properly understood. (There is also more danger of overlapping.) It seems to me that visitations will have to be more frequent and more international, in order to maintain the cohesion of our work and aims. Some of our workers know the life of our institutions at home, but nothing of the life of our congregations. Disintegrating influences are constantly at work.

From Tsolo to Mount Frere one travels by the post-car, and can go on by Kokstad to Franklin, and so reach the railhead once more. But to get to Mvenyane one has to leave the post-road to the right, and make one's own arrangements for getting on. I had had to leave St. Cuthbert's two days earlier than intended, because the post ran only three times a week, and, hoping to gain the two days in Mvenyane, tried to get a conveyance to take me on; but there had been rain in the mountains, though the weather in Mount Frere was like an English June at its best, and the river that had to be crossed was said to be "full from bank to bank." On Saturday the story was still the same. On Sunday a man told me he had had to swim across in order to do a job about two hundred yards on the other side. On Monday a young man inquired for me, and informed me he was from Kinira, a trading-station just across the river, where there is also a preaching-place belonging to the Mvenyane circuit. I was to sleep there that night and would be taken on next day. As for the river, he said it was a bit swollen, but not enough to prevent us from getting across; in any case, there was the "Box." So we drove over the grass-covered veld and through a gorge called "Satan," which reminded one of the West Country—a place of rocks, thorns, and aloes—and came to the river. It was too full to drive across; so my companion initiated me into the mysteries of the box, or cradle. It runs by means of two overhead trolleys along a steel rope—in this case about 120 yards long—which is slung from posts on either side of the river. Another rope runs in a groove at each of the narrow ends. The passenger sits on the edge of the box. The luggage, if it is not too bulky, lies at the bottom.

One unhooks the catch, and the box rushes down to the middle, and its impetus carries it part way up the opposite slope. Then one pulls oneself up by the lower rope, hand over hand, till one reaches the post on the other side, and can hook the box to it. In the middle of the stream the bottom of the box was about ten feet above the level of the water, and my companion said the stream was sometimes so full that the box could not cross. Meanwhile the horse and gig were being led through the ford by a native, the gig looking undecided whether to go on wheels or swim. So we reached Kinira.

The hospitable trader made me at home in his suite of round huts. One was the drawing-room, with a wooden floor, tastefully decorated wall, and a verandah all round. Another was the dining-room, and the others were bedrooms. He himself was a well-read man, glad of an opportunity of a talk with a white man; for in the native territories trading-stations must be at least five miles apart, and no white man may live there unless he is a licensed trader or a missionary.

Next morning my new guide, our trader from Ntlanla, took me on to his station. There the road ceased to be possible for wheeled traffic, and Br. Pope and the son of Br. Baur, the principal of the college, met me with a spare horse, and we rode till we were about half a mile from Mvenyane. Br. Asboe, whose brother has served in Labrador and in Great Britain, met us with his Cape cart, in which I was to do the last bit of the journey. It was the most adventurous drive I have experienced, for what was called by courtesy "the road" was a succession of furrows and water-courses. Sometimes we drove through these, and sometimes on the grass, where it was not much better. Once one of the horses was nearly down; but the driver's will and skilful use of whip and reins brought us safely to the college, where the school was drawn up in line and gave the military salute, and the students stood in two bands of about fifty each on either side of the gateway, and the missionaries and the three children welcomed us to paradise. Twenty years ago there was not a tree in the place. Now it is a wood interspersed with buildings and gardens. The whole place—college, houses, school, church, woods, and gardens—is the creation of these two men, Messrs. Baur and Asboe, and in the twenty years about a thousand students have been taught there. Trees grow twice as fast as in England.

The next two days were spent in visiting classes in school and college, and poring over the ordnance map of the district to see how our out-stations lie, and what are the means of

communication with neighbouring stations. It is a place where several Churches meet, a borderland of Missions, almost a "Debatable Land," where, however, our educational work gives us a very distinct sphere. But the place is too secluded, especially at a time when sun and rain have destroyed the road and the authorities are in no hurry to repair it. To get out of Mvenyane nowadays one has to ride over the hills on the east, about 1,300 feet above the station, and get a conveyance to meet one on the other side. All luggage has to be carried. Usually women carry it on their heads, and it is astonishing what they can do. The hills are steep. From the top one gets some of the finest views I have seen in South Africa. The path would do credit to the Himalayas. But the women carried their loads, laughing, almost as fast as the horse carries his rider uphill. We passed them, as they rested on the way before the last steep climb, and they were at the farm, where the motor awaited us, only a few minutes after us. On the road to Franklin we met quite a number of heavily laden ox-waggons, and the deep ruts showed how heavy the traffic is from the railway to Kokstad and Cedarville. Apparently an ox-waggon can travel over anything; but it remains a mystery how a motor travels such roads and survives.

A night in an hotel, a day and a night on the railway, winding among the hills, and here is Durban, and the journey through South Africa ends where it began. The only regret is, that it has not been possible to see all our stations in the Eastern Province. These "Notes" have attempted to give to the members of our Church at home a picture of our work out here. In some places the work of building has long been done, and our task is to keep the building in repair. As elsewhere, statistics are of little use. There ought to be in the department of statistics somebody who performs the functions discharged by a chartered accountant in finance. But all the statistics and reports in the world cannot make up for the lack of personal contact with the workers and their work. Our methods are no longer unique; for the best in them has been adopted by others, and we ourselves have discarded much that we thought necessary—partly because times have changed, partly because men have changed, and partly because we cannot afford to keep such a staff as formerly, since the expenses entailed have increased so much. Probably each man and woman has to work harder in consequence. The social and political problems of South Africa have invaded our stations also, as is inevitable when the coloured man becomes a voter. Some of the greatest difficulties in South African Missions arise from the fact that grants of land were made to missionaries as trustees for their people, at a time

when nobody dreamt of the natives possessing rights which have since been conferred on Englishmen by the various Reform Acts, and by them have been passed on to others. No trustees have ever been more faithful to their trusts than the missionaries have been. We may be thankful that the State has appointed Trustees who will make the task of the missionary easier, and will also safeguard all mission property. One cannot cease to regret the existence of thirty-odd Missionary Societies in the land, and about twenty-five Churches. May the day of union come! For all the kindness received I shall never be able to give adequate thanks.

On the sea and on the railway one has plenty of opportunity of thinking over one's impressions and experiences, though one gets little chance of real work. The more one thinks of South Africa, the more one wishes for some form of union and central organisation there. One cannot get rid of a sense of indignation at the sight of its 26 Churches, side by side with its 30 Foreign Missionary Societies. What right have foreign missionary societies in the land at all? One might almost as well have them working in Europe. The Dutch Reformed Church calls its work within the bounds of the Union quite rightly Home Mission Work. But, if the Dutch Reformed Church cannot effect a union among the four branches of its Church, not to mention such Churches as the Doppers, which have branched off from it, what hope is there of union among the rest?

There is an Irish song, " 'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry"; and so it was. And it was pretty to be in South Africa. The better one knows it, the more one wishes it may "live, grow, and flourish," and that our work there may have free course, until it has reached the goal God has in view for it. As one by one there pass before the mind's eye the congregations, the workers, whether in our own Church or in others, the committees and evangelists and all committed to their charge, and the kindly tokens of welcome received there, one wishes that the blessings of a human being were sure of their effect, and that human life were always lived at its best.

The voyage to Dar-es-Salaam was pleasant. The weather was exceptionally cool, and the companionship was good. The captain was a kindly Scotsman, who went about among his passengers every morning, inquiring how they were getting on. One met the man who sang the praises of mining, and showed how agriculture and all other things flourished in a land that had mines and developed them. The moral was, "Develop the mines in Tanganyika Territory." There was

the man who knew the gold and diamond mines well, with all their iniquities, and had dug there himself, who thought it would be for the welfare of Africa if they did not exist. Oh! the pity of it! when one sees parties of Natives going off to the mines to earn money, and knows some will never come home, and some will come back with miner's phthisis, and some morally and physically ruined, while all this waste of human life and health could be saved, and the real wealth of the land increased, if these men tilled the soil, or planted trees, or improved the roads. Like other Christian workers, we do what we can to care for the men in the mines, but the forces of evil there are tremendous and continuous, and ours are weak and intermittent. One evening, conversation got into homelier paths, and a man told to the moon—for he looked steadily at it, and seemed at times almost to forget his companions—the story of a woman's lonely struggle for the bodies and souls of her two sons after her husband had drunk himself to death. Who but a mother could massage a limb every two hours, night and day, and never miss for years, till she had won the battle against disease? I never read any poem on the beauties of England to equal that which flowed from a man's heart who had been Home only once in 25 years, as he spoke of the things he longed to see, which were the soul of his boyhood, so that the homestead and the lanes and woods stood clear before us, and the scents and sounds, and sights of Warwickshire took the place of the Indian Ocean. How a man can love his country! As for Home—there are no words for it. Men won't speak about it to everybody, but "the padre" is a man apart, and he may see the tears stand in a man's eyes as he talks of having been parted from wife and child for six months. Strange that for so many that Italian word "padre" has displaced all competitors. But there is no English word for the ordained servant of God, and the others are tainted. Two of us wandered over the Malvern Hills and down the Wye Valley together, comparing notes, and almost imagined we were there. And here is a Scotchman, as cheery a man as ever came out of Bonnie Scotland, who knows the name of the Moravian Church, and is keen on cricket and football and the Boys' Brigade. A boy attracts him, as a magnet attracts steel filings. He is also, as is natural in a Scotch deacon, interested in theology, but only on the positive side. He has no time for negations, though he knows about them, and has suffered through them. And here is a doctor, who regards the essay as the most perfect thing in literature. He takes as much delight in a well-turned phrase as in a fine thought, and therefore swears by Stevenson, Hazlitt, and Conrad. And many an hour was spent with the Dutch scientist, an en-

thusiastic Freemason, a steady optimist, and a firm believer in God. He knew Zeist, and needed little further explanation when he heard that the Moravian Church was the same as the *Brucedergemeente*. On the whole it was the nicest set of passengers I have travelled with. The scoundrel did not seem to be there at all.

On Sunday, the Captain asked "the padre" to conduct service. One could not help wondering how many denominations were represented. Half-a-dozen at least—high, low, and broad. One realises more and more how much the good name of England and the Church of Christ depends upon those who go down to the sea in ships. We separated at Dar-es-Salaam. In the hurry of landing, when everybody is scrambling for a boat, it is difficult to find the people you want; for Dar-es-Salaam is a pretty place, and nearly all the passengers apparently wanted to go ashore to see it. In a short time they were scattered, and out of sight. The hotels were full, and it took some time to find accommodation. Evening came. The light was not good enough to read by with comfort. But can one go to bed at eight o'clock? It was like breaking-up day at school, when the rest have gone, and one is left behind. I was feeling a bit lonely, when two visitors were announced. Who could possibly want to see me, a stranger in a strange land? What! My friends the Dutchman and the man who longed for home! They had been on shore a few hours, and, returning to the boat, remembered they had not said goodbye. They set off once more to look me up, and found me at the third hotel they tried. Seldom were visitors more welcome, or kind thoughts more kindly shown. Next morning at full tide the boat sailed; one man watched it from the shore till it disappeared behind the palm-trees that hide the narrow channel leading to the bar and the outer anchorage between the coral islands and the mainland, and so on to the great sea.

There were two days to be spent, waiting for the train to Tabora. The heat was tremendous, except early in the morning and towards sunset. It was not possible to do much. It is not easy even to write a letter when one's hands are wet with perspiration. But during the brief hours when one can walk about Dar-es-Salaam is a fairyland. The harbour is like a big lake surrounded by feathery firs and palms. In the evening it is full of lights, reflected from the boats, the houses, and the sky. With the exception of the road and walk along the harbour, all the streets in the business part of the town are straight and parallel at right angles to one another. One of them, in which the hotels are, is planted with flamboyants, which still retain a few blossoms. In the proper season it must be a gorgeous sight. The native

quarter is a medley of Asia, Africa, and corrugated-iron Modernia in a setting of palm-groves. The European residential suburb is a grove of trees of many kinds, traversed, like a park, by many avenues and walks, studded with villas, sometimes without railings or any other token of exclusiveness. Bent round it, in a half-circle, like the moon-sickle round the shaded mass of the moon, the deep-blue sea, its rim broken by coral islands, and its colour close inland shading off into green, where the water is shallow. In certain lights one can see the shallow water along this coast as green as grass. There are two churches, the larger and more beautiful belonging to the Roman Catholics, the other, a typical Lutheran building, to the Protestants. There was once a Mission also, worked by the Berlin Society; but it is gone, and nobody is doing its work. As I went towards the Catholic church a native boy of about eighteen years of age lay on the ground, apparently half asleep. When I had gone in I heard the shuffle of bare feet on the ground, and the same boy went past up the aisle, in the lazy fashion of the black man when he is at a loose end. He knelt down, crossed himself, performed his devotions, and then turned round to see what the white stranger was doing. One could not help wondering what his religious ideas might be, especially as the notices in the porch seemed to have reference chiefly to "The Blessed Virgin." Yet in this land, where Mohammedans, Hindus, and pure heathen comprise almost the whole population, one felt drawn to this black boy with his Roman faith, who was not afraid or ashamed to show it. For that is a serious fact which one cannot miss; the Arab and the Indian are here to stay, they live among the people of the land, in very much closer contact than the European. Every morning, in Dar-es-Salaam, at sunrise, above the babel of awaking nature, one hears the musical cry of the muezzin, "*Allah hou akbar*" ("God is most great"). Especially in Tabora the Mohammedans are strong and aggressive, and the native Mohammedan is the most fanatical. He trains missionaries. He organises processions, headed by a sacred flag, said to be from Mecca, and bordered with red, the emblem of blood. There is a suggestion of a Moslem Salvation Army about the thing. The Christian Church should be at work. Its "blood-red banner" has a different meaning, and leads on to strife, which the native can understand. A man once said, "Mohammedanism is a beautiful religion." To prove it he instanced how the devout Moslem, when his face is turned to Mecca at the hour of prayer, will not interrupt his devotions even if you throw stones at him. But have I not seen him many a time look about to see what is happening around him? However, I could not help thinking of one who said "So-and-so is a beautiful preacher. He stands nearly six foot in the

pulpit!" One is struck with the ubiquity of the Greek; but he is out to make money, and seems not to count in religion. One of them tried to explain to me the meaning of the late revolution in Greece—a fascinating topic, but one which has no bearing on our problems.

The railway to Kigoma runs first through the level coast strip, a land of coconuts and jungle. Then it begins to climb up to the tableland, winding among hills and swamps, with many a plantation, where one sees acres of abandoned sisal, and even coconut and plantain groves getting overrun by jungle. A man who had worked on the land said it took only six months for the jungle to recapture a neglected farm. Then again one saw the jungle being destroyed; but for miles and miles it has never been disturbed except to carry the railway through it. At Morogoro one gets into really beautiful country, where the mountains assume picturesque shapes, and the forests that clothe them are broken by patches of rock and emerald green; if one were not in Africa, one would be sure it was grass. The mission church stands on a knoll at the foot of the mountains, and must command a fine view; for one sees it for miles. On reaching the tableland, after a run of a day and a night, one passes for about ten hours through monotonous scenery, mostly jungle, and so one comes to Tabora, a town of about 30,000 inhabitants, whose houses mostly hide among thick-leaved mangoes and palms. The roads—one can scarcely call them streets—are good and lined with trees.

Br. Gaarde was at the station, and it was a pleasure to find him looking well, and to hear he had been allowed to resume work since February 5th. He is still determined to hold out till somebody comes to relieve him, if he can manage to do so. We spent most of our time in talking over the present condition of our work and stations. It is not a cheerful subject, though there are bright features in it. In Tabora, Norah is the only Christian left of those who were there in 1914; but he has offered himself for mission service, though he knows that his pay will be less than that which he receives in railway service. He has been faithful throughout the war in spite of every inducement to the contrary. All the others have left Tabora. One has entered the service of the African Inland Mission in his native place. Three have become Moslems. Two are uncertain. The rest have not yet been traced. None of the above were natives of Tabora, and those who are at present connected with our Church there have all come from other places. Two were baptized on February 6th. There are twelve in the catechumen class. Several native policemen and soldiers, mostly from L.M.S. Missions in

Rhodesia, attend our services and hold services of their own in a room placed at their disposal by their Commanding Officer. Three Indian Christians and their children also attend all our meetings, though they know very little of the language.

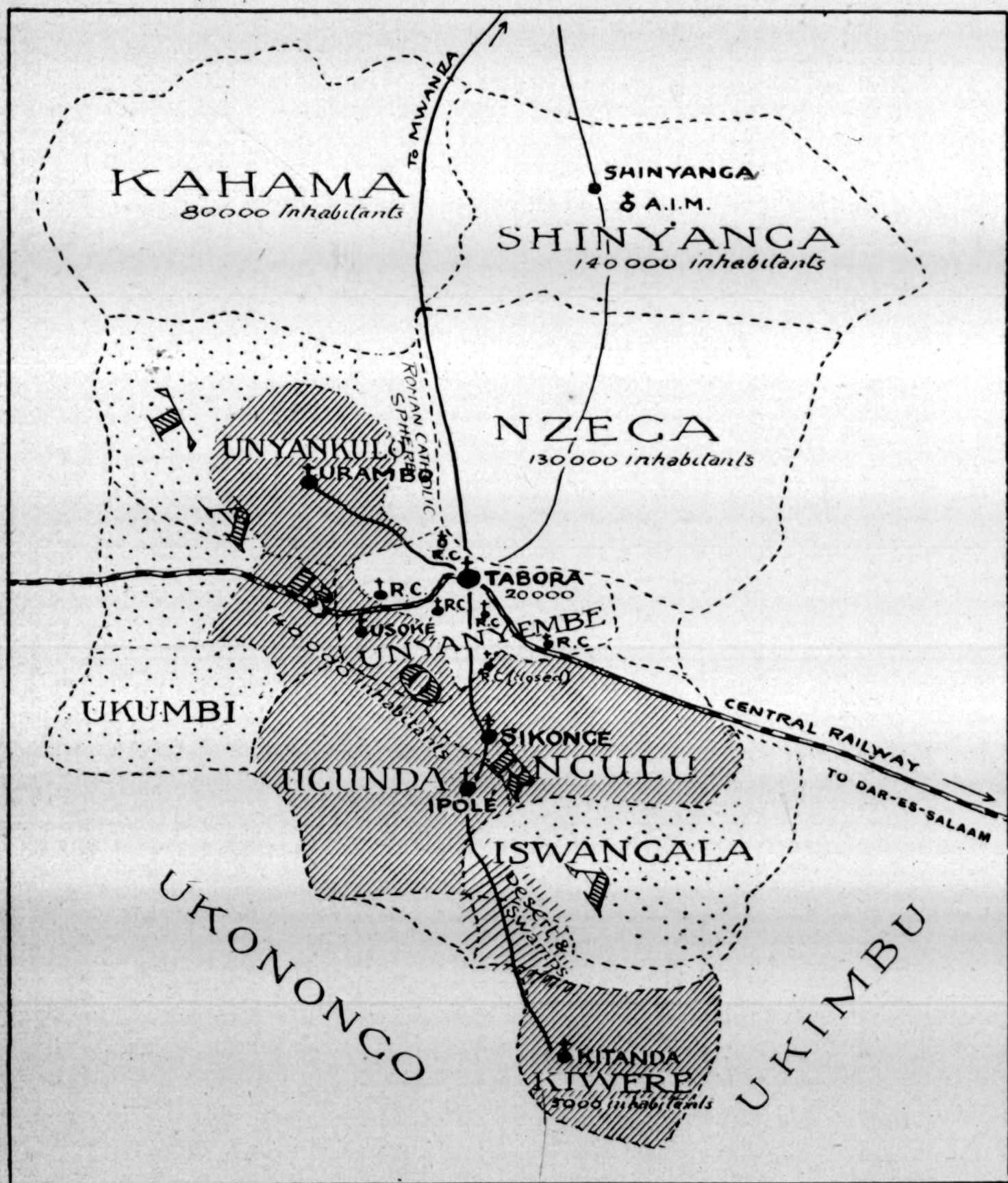
At Usoke Abel, our evangelist, holds services every Sunday. • He was not always allowed to do so during the war, and the Political Officer did not want to let him do so now, because he did not consider a native qualified to teach religion; but when Br. Gaarde pointed out that Mohammedans are allowed to teach religion without qualification, permission was granted at once. The plea was the more urgent because a large settlement of Moslems came into existence during the war close beside our premises. Abel seems to be a man of ready wit, for, when a Roman Catholic priest attacked our work, saying our missionaries were not proper priests, because they were married, Abel replied, "Was not Simon Peter married? And may not a bishop be the husband of one wife?" finishing up with a parting shot, "And hadn't you a mother?" The last remark was not very logical, and the priest might have replied to the second, as Roman Catholics do, "The one wife is the Church"; but there is no reply to the first, and he attempted none. Br. Gaarde visited the station from February 17th-19th, and found there 17 baptized Christians and 8 catechumens. At Urambo, where Johannes, a former teacher, holds services, there were 21 baptized Christians, and in the neighbourhood of the station 4 men, and a little farther 2 women, all married to heathen. At the out-station, Iala, there are 7, and, scattered about the country, 8 more. Five of the men have each taken a second wife, but have promised to return to monogamy. Polygamy is, and will long remain, a problem in Africa. Br. Gaarde had not yet been able to visit the other stations, and we had hoped to do so together; but my boat from Durban was late, the boat to Port Said came 17 days before the time named in Capetown; two days were wasted in waiting for the train to Tabora, 5 were lost because the next train back to Dar-es-Salaam would have missed the boat, and 4 were spent on the railway. So the month I hoped to have dwindled to 2½ days. It was no use postponing my departure; for, apart from forfeiting the passage-money, I could get no promise of another berth before the autumn. So we made the most of the time at our disposal. One evening we had a public service, and the next Br. Gaarde was ordained to be a presbyter. He deserves any recognition the Church can give him, and he is now superintendent of such of our work as remains, and our sole official representative in the country. Together we called on the District Political Officer, a man of the best type. *O si sic omnes!* The natives of this country have to learn to love England and Englishmen. At present they have

no particular reason to do so. If men like this handle them, they can scarcely fail to come to it. The war in this country cost England many millions of pounds. One is afraid to name the figure that is usually given. If any other country ever wishes to administer it, the League of Nations will presumably ask: "Are you prepared to take over this debt?" Will any nation be willing to do it? Is the country worth it? Those to whom one puts the question say, "No!" Curiously enough two men within twelve hours told me that the natives of this land were the best-behaved, most reliable native race in Africa, and each in turn added he would be prepared to travel alone and unarmed from one end of the country to the other without fear of harm from the people. Somebody else spoke of the sufferings they had gone through during the war, as German, Dutchman, Englishman, Indian, and Belgian passed through the land, and how one of them, speaking with the resignation of his race, said: "When elephants fight, the grass is trampled down." "Surely the people is grass"! The words of the prophet find a new application. There is another side to native life which is wholly sad and terrible. One of its consequences is disease, and another a birth-rate which means gradual extinction. Whose fault is it? Some name the Arab, some the German, some the Belgian, some the Dutch, some the British, some all of them. One hears sad things in this land. Those who carry on mission-work here should be strong, and should belong to a strong community, that can make its voice heard and its influence felt, and cannot be bullied with impunity. It is no land for divisions and weak forces. That which divides must be swallowed up in the highest Unity.

With such thoughts in my mind I went to call on the Roman Catholic Bishop of Tabora; for the Catholics are the only other Christian body at work there. He is a Frenchman, a member of the Society of White Fathers, founded by Cardinal Lavigerie for the conversion of Africa. He lives a simple life in the midst of his community of Fathers, and he received us kindly. We discussed mission-work for some time, and one heard with pleasure of the progress made in the training of native workers. If one Church can do it, another need not lose courage. We were agreed that the conversion of a country is best achieved by its own sons. But he says progress will be terribly slow, and the virtue most needed will be patience. "The people will be worse before they are better," was one of his sayings. "When I was a boy and thought of mission-work," he said, "I sometimes wondered what it would be like to be eaten by a lion or a crocodile." "Perhaps the end may come that way," he added. Then he told three stories. One day he was riding on his bicycle along the road towards Tabora about evening time. Suddenly he saw a lion standing across

his path about sixty yards away. There was no tree near, so he slowed down, pedalled gently towards the beast, took off his hat with a stately sweep, made a deep bow, repeated the action a second time, and was relieved to see the animal spring into the bush and disappear. Another time he was farther away from home on a jungle road, when he saw three lions before him. He got off his bicycle near a tree, prepared to scramble up it, if necessary, and looked steadily at the beasts. After a few moments one went into the jungle to the right, and two to the left. He wondered whether they were going to stalk him; but soon the two jumped across the path and followed the first, and, as it did not reappear, he ventured to ride on at full speed. Another time he was walking in his garden late in the evening, before retiring to his evening devotions and rest. He went into the road, and saw a figure at the foot of a tree near by. At first he supposed it to be a policeman; then, thinking it was a woman with her wraps swathed round her, he went nearer; for natives found in the street after 8 p.m. are arrested and imprisoned. But the thing got on its legs, and walked away, and he saw it was a lion. "Perhaps they are as afraid of us as we are of them," he said. When one has read "The Man-eaters of Tavo," one realises that there is another side to the question. Before we parted, we knelt in silent prayer together for our work, for ourselves, and for one another. He thanked us for our visit, and added: "And I am glad we prayed together." He returned the visit, and we spent an hour in conversation again, till we had to go to our engagements. Theoretically, of course, we are to him heretics; but it is one of the facts of life that we repeatedly accept the individual as a man or a brother, when we are convinced that his Church or country is as wrong as wrong can be.

One sometimes wonders whether there is a chance of reuniting Christendom. If we cared more for the Cause and less for ourselves and our theories, one can't help thinking, after some experiences that once seemed impossible, that it might be done. We are all wrong, and we are all right, on some point or other. One wonders what method the Great Shepherd of the sheep will use to unite His flock: whether He will send an under-shepherd, so endowed with gifts of mind and heart and spirit that all others will accept him as their Lord's true messenger and representative, commissioned to bring them together,—or whether He will discard the ordinary under-shepherds altogether, and adopt some way of creating unity of which we have no idea at present. It was a Roman Catholic who said, when he heard of an inter-denominational Board of Trustees to control Missions, "That's common sense at last."



MAP OF UNYAMWEZI, TANGANYIKA TERRITORY.